

# Silent Worker

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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## Hitting the Trail of the Lonesome Pine

BY J. H. McFARLANE



Log House on the Smith-Bowen Farm



Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith, showing Barn Built by the Doctor



OD'S COUNTRY," the location of which was long in doubt, furnishing a favorite subject for dispute in our school papers, has at last been discovered. This noteworthy feat was accomplished by the veteran explorer in the educational field, Dr. J. L. Smith, in conjunction with the North-Star poet, J. S. Bowen, who, heeding the call of the wild, hit the trail that leads away from the civilized portion of the great Northwest and came out at a point that has since been named Nevis, Minnesota.

Thitherward hiked a correspondent of the SILENT WORKER last summer with the object of determining whether Nevis was more than a myth, and if so to bring back some photographic evidence of that hitherto unknown portion of the map.

It's a tedious all-day ride, and then some, after which you feel very much like a tenderfoot several hundred miles from nowhere, that brings you within striking distance of the Smith-Bowen ranch on the shores of Crooked Lake. Nevis is indeed a coming town, since it contains the genial Dr. Smith—at least it contains him on his weekly trip to market—and it's just as much honor to be welcomed by him, on alighting from the train, as it would be to be met by the mayor himself. Such a greeting as the Doctor's makes one totally oblivious of his whereabouts, so that he feels at home ere he gets his bearings.

To show how complete a metamorphosis the Doctor undergoes when he shakes off the professional crayon dust and assumes the role of farmer, a scrap of corner-grocery talk may be cited.

"Say," inquired an incredulous fellow townsman of our ruralized friend, "Are you a doctor?" And, receiving an affirmative nod, the questioner, gazing at the Doctor's smooth-shaven lip and beardless chin exclaimed, "Well, you don't even look like a horse doctor."

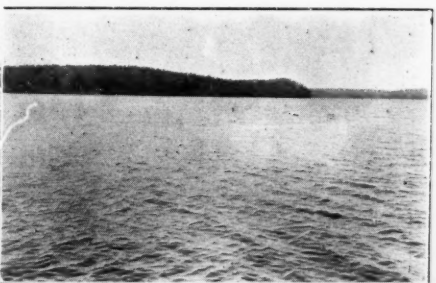
A drive into the far away over a trail not long since trod by the Red Men, and more recently still, by the lumbermen brings the adventurer within sight of a dreamy sheet of water, fringed with pine trees for a background, at which the Doctor, looking down on the entrancing scene from the height, exclaims



Smith Cottage in Lake Shore.



The House that "Jimmy" Smith Built.



Looking across Crooks Lake. Cottages on Opposite Shore.

exultingly, "There's my lake." That's what it means to be a farmer in the wild Northland. It is there that one thrills with that ecstatic freedom of being monarch of all he surveys.

The Smith-Bowen farm has been and is being, literally hewed out of the primeval pine forest, being at the present time in close proximity to the Indian reservation in whose bounds it was till but lately included. The advantages of getting one's farm first hand from nature are thoroughly appreciated by those who have the nerve to lay hold on such a heritage. It takes a tussle with the untamed forest to bring out one's manhood. Then there's the virgin soil that will need no fertilizer for generations.

Stump-pulling is a most fascinating recreation on the farm where everybody rubs against the wild woods and isn't afraid of a few hard knocks, as will be seen by the accompanying photos. It is said that since our Pegasus-mounted friend Bowen hit the Northern trail and woke up to the beauty of the game of tree-felling and all that goes with it, he has found the recreation so thrilling that even when going single-handed he cannot be stumped by acres of stumps, but threatens to make a record that will beat his best at the less strenuous game of croquet. Why, even the ladies have taken to stump-pulling in that ozone-fraught atmosphere, where the ordinary forms of recreation seem too tame.

To play the game of stump-pulling, you first choose a stump that is considerably less than a hundred years old, and whose diameter is about that of a forty-two centimeter gun. To the seemingly unwieldy stump is attached a cable which is wound about the "puller" by means of man and woman power applied to the lever. Thus a force is exerted upon the stump in proportion to the number of those pushing against the lever, and out of all proportion to what one would suppose possible to mere human muscle. After a number of turns the creaking of the cable indicates the climax in this triumph of muscle over dead matter—then suddenly the crew, intent only upon getting the stump up regardless of personal appearances flops over. That's the fun of the game—you never can tell just when you may flop, and it's fine practice for football tackles.



Pulling Stump—Showing uncleared Land in Background

But there are other diversions at the Smith-Bowen farm, which, in spite of its newness boasts of a regular barn-yard with hogs, chickens and things. Farmer Bowen's favorite pastime, when he is not pulling stumps, is scratching the back of his pet sow, which he has trained to follow him about like a dog. Bowen promises to have the biggest hog farm north of Chicago after he gets a little more treeless ground for the expansion of his dream.

Then there's fishing in that exhaustless lake, which, according to the Doctor's poetic sense ought to have been given a more fantastic name than "Crooked," which with cold, geometrical accuracy simply describes its shape. One cannot even fish in that spirit-infested lake without seeing visions of the Red Man's glorious, though sometimes bloody, past. Everything about the haunted expanse of clear water seems to be under the spell of enchanting music, so that when one is rowing upon it the oars seem of themselves to move in harmonious rhythm. But about the fish—what unheard-of luck (see pictures) where the disciples of Walton can pursue the piscatorial art without ending up as the disciples of Munchausen! For at that lake they always bring home, instead of telling, "whoppers."

However, for the sake of accuracy, we must note one exception. The Doctor had caught a particularly fine black bass for his guest's breakfast, and on the morning of the slaughter, as he was brandishing the knife over it, he paused a moment till his guest should come to take a near look at the prize. That gave the fish the chance and lease of life he had been waiting for, and as he had made a dive for the freedom of the waters all that the guest saw of him was the splash where he went under. There was nothing for the angler to do but swear that it was a "big one" and judging from the big splash it made the guest believed him.

The Smith cottages are ideally situated on the crook of the lake, which is several miles in length, but not wide enough to give the waves destructive force. There our teacher-farmer can play the waiting game, for he owns several miles of shore of what may be a summer resort some day if the peace-loving pedagogue ever allows civilization to encroach on his holdings.

Midst such untamed surroundings that seem to form the junction between the infinite past and the boundless future the pilgrim gets his bearings and adjusts his weary brain to this little pause on one of a myriad of spheres. The pine trees "sign" as well as whisper the "sweetly solemn thought" of the mystery of life and induce a meditative mood that is broken only by the coming into rude contact with civilization again.

But as if the voice of the wild were not sufficient for man's edification in that inspiring part of the great Northwest, those modern Sophists, the Socialists, have committed the sin of adding to Nature's book, by writing their slogans on the rocks. For instance, one of these ancient landmarks bears the



Views of Farmstead from Hill



A Tight Little Isle in the Upper Lake



'Twixt Water and Sky



Two Hours' Catch of Black Bass

When the Stump Came Up

timely legend: "The workingmen of one nation have no quarrel with the workmen of another." Evidently the socialistic propaganda committee believes that a word written on the rock is worth a good deal of "hot air" wasted in meetings and elsewhere,—an idea which might well be taken up by the N. A. D.

The correspondent's train of thought is here abruptly broken by the prosaic whirl of the passenger train, and as he takes leave of the hospitable Doctor, it dawns upon him that he has at last seen "Ichabod, Katrina, and the hawks."

#### G. E. PINTO TO LEAVE MONDAY

##### Pedestrian Who Has Been Gathering Material For Article On Montana and Visiting Friends Here.

George E. Pinto, the deaf pedestrian, who has been in Bozeman for the past two weeks, will leave for Butte and the north Monday morning. Mr. Pinto has been trying to get rid of a bad cough which he contracted camping out in Yellowstone Park. He also has been gathering material for his article on Montana, and visiting some friends here. He is very enthusiastic about this section of the country and says he would like nothing better than to settle down here.

His route takes him as far north as Helena, and thence to Spokane, and Seattle. Reaching the latter city he will make preparation for his hike north of 53 the coming spring. This part of his walk bids fair to be the hardest for it is through the wildest part of the continent, and extends as far north as Nome, Alaska. He expects to have two friends along on this trip. The object will be to explore and photograph that part of Canada and Alaska. A moving picture camera may be taken along.

While Pinto is stone deaf, it does not seem to bother him in the least, and one could hardly tell he was unable to hear unless an extended conversation were carried on. He advocates the teaching of the manual alphabet in the public schools so that the deaf will not be so entirely isolated as they are now. He says that if people could realize what a terrible thing it is to be unable to hear a sound they would make a little more effort to lighten the burden of those so afflicted.

In speaking of the deaf he remarked that many people believed the deaf were incapable of caring for themselves and were easily imposed upon by a class of fakers who solicit and in the guise of deaf-mutes. He was emphatic in his assertion that deaf-mutes never beg. Any person asking help, claiming to be a deaf-mute, is thereby proven an imposter, and should be arrested.—Bozeman (Mont).

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure; they praise only that which they can surpass, but that which surpasses them they censure.—Colton.



## FROM THE OLD WORLD

*Written Specially for the SILENT WORKER by Mdlle. Yvonne Pitrois***23d Letter. A Holiday Tour in War Time  
(The end.)**

HE fourth day of our trip, we left Pau early in the morning to start for Lourdes, which is only half an hour distant by railway. When the train departed from the town, we saw a squad of men scattered on the banks of the Gave (river in the Pyrenees zone), busy working with sand and broken stones making a concrete road; every traveller hastened to the windows of the cars to eagerly and curiously examine them; these men, so quiet in appearance, but watched over by French troops armed with bayonets, were German soldiers, prisoners of war! What a whirl of feverish, passionate thoughts was awakened in us by their sight.

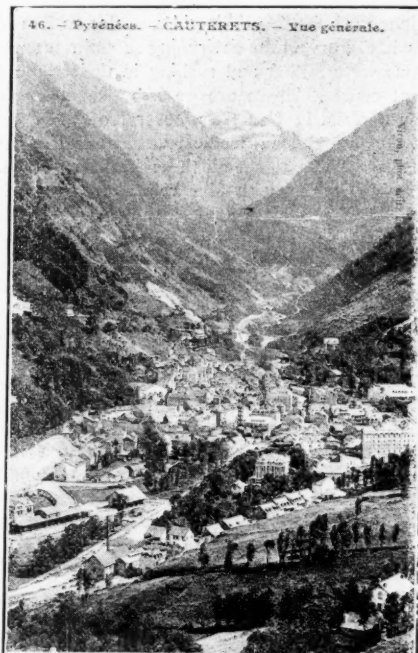
In this open country close by Pau, little Henry of Navarre, the future Henry the Fourth, King of France, "Lou noustre Henric," was educated freely with the peasants' boys of his own age, ran and jumped with them bare-footed, bare-headed, and often came home with his breeches and clothes torn, his knees flayed and his eyes black and blue! Surely, when, years and years after, he lived in the Louvre, the haughty and stern royal palace in Paris, he more than once remembered with a mixture of pleasure

ous all the world over. Catching a glimpse of it, everyone rose in the train,—either by curiosity or respect. Most of the travellers make the sign of the cross, some of them even knelt down in the carriage to recite an "Ave Maria."

There is the station,—as strangely deserted as the seashore of Biarritz, and owing to the same dreadful cause. During all the war, pilgrimages are forbidden by the Government, perhaps for fear of the spies; so, instead of the crowd of sick, infirm and crippled people that we should have seen here in other times, we only meet during our visit to Lourdes a few

some of them having very moving dedications; hearts in gold, medals and medallions, bridal ornaments, sets of jewels, and so on, and so on! Could ever the humble, sweet Maiden of Nazareth, the wife of the carpenter, have supposed to possess such marvels! Among all these offerings, there are many military ornaments, swords, epaulets, feathers, decorations, ensigns, some of them enclosed in a frame with a golden border, others, alas! framed with a black border of mourning. They are souvenirs of the war of 1870, dear pathetic things, fulfilments of the vows that brave soldiers made on the battlefields, offerings from the hearts of anxious mothers, of desolate wives! How many more of them will there be affixed on the walls of the Basilic after the Great 1914-1915 war!

We left the church, and, through a verdant labyrinth where, in ordinary times, sumptuous processions are spreading out, we go to the grotto of the Virgin; the basilic has been erected exactly above it. Here it is, this famous grotto, the sacred sanctuary of the Roman Catholic, and, for the believers of this creed, the first step between earth and paradise! In 1858 a little peasant girl, fourteen years old, almost



**CAUTERETS**  
View of the Town

and pain these bright, free years of his childhood spent at the foot of the Pyrenees!

Soon the view from the train become more and more beautiful, for the mountains are nearer and nearer, and seem to be higher and higher! It is a cloudy day, and their summits emerge from soft grey and white veils slowly wavering in the sky. We pass over the first spurs—the first giddy walls of stone, and suddenly appears the lovely valley of Betharram and Lourdes. What a beautiful picture! In the background the high, high mountains, all fresh and green with box-woods that are cultivated there for the manufacture of beads and rosaries; nearer, the Gave with its rapid silvery waters jumping and splashing over the dark-grey rocks; the grassy fields, the prosperous churches, monasteries and convents scattered everywhere among gardens and groves; and, rapidly glimpsed from the train passing along, the famous grotto which has made Lourdes illustri-

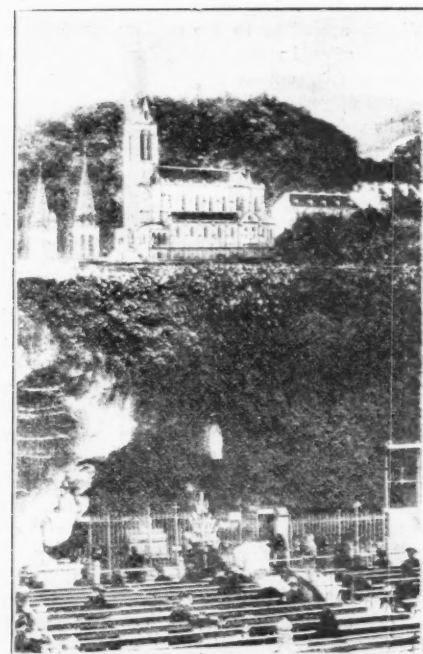


**CAUTERETS**  
One of the 24 Waterfalls

tourists like us, and three sick pilgrims,—an idiot girl with her mother, a crippled lady carried on in an invalid chair, and a young soldier who, having one arm paralyzed by a wound, has come from a very far away place to fetch a bidon of miraculous water in which to wash his limb from time to time!

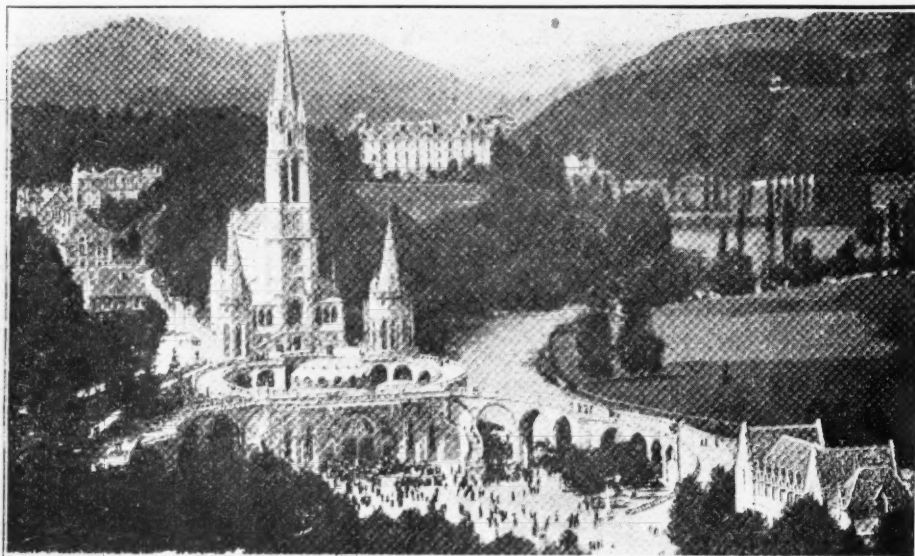
From the electric tram, we see in the distance the old historical castle of Lourdes, perched on the top of a hill, and we immediately go to the sanctuary. It is situated amidst a beautiful park shadowed by trees; a sign board forbidding visitors to take any of the leaves and grass; another sign advises them to beware of pickpockets. Statues of Saints, and a touching marble group, offered as a thanksgiving by the bishop of Cambrai after his recovery, adorns the park. Soon we reach the church,—or rather to say the churches, for there are two of them, built the one above the other. First come a church in rotunda, quite Byzantine in style, containing fifteen chapels, each of them having a large mural painting, richly enhanced with gold, representing episodes of the life of the Virgin, and of Christ. Some of these paintings are lovely, others horrid! Then one must ascend large staircases crossing each other on arcades, and have a peep in the dark and silent crypt excavated in vaults under them, to arrive at last at the thin, white, ethereal basilic, so graceful with its pointed steeple, commanding a terrace from which the view on the mountains and the country is splendid.

How many riches and treasures the empty basilic contains! Banners with religious designs and emblems, silk flags embroidered with gold, marble tablets, votive offerings entirely covering the walls,



**LOURDES**  
The Grothand the Basilic

uneducated, Bernadette Soubirous, told she had seen in this grotto the Virgin who appeared to her several times, and repeated the words she swore to have heard from the Mother of God. Soon the grotto became the most popular of all places of pilgrimages, and, some sick persons having been cured while there, all the invalid, all the infirm ones in the world eagerly turned towards the grotto of Lourdes their supreme hopes, their palpitating hearts. This holy of holies is in an excavation of the mountain, all bright with lighted wax-candles, and at the same time all smoke covered by them; a statue of the Virgin, all dressed in white with a blue sash, her hands joined and her eyes lifted up to Heaven, adorns the very same place where Bernadette is said to have seen her. To the vault of the grotto are fastened many crutches offered by recovered "miracles." A few women are kissing reverently the cold, rough wall of the grot, others are wiping against it their chaplets or small pieces of stuff. On the benches disposed before the sanctuary, other women are praying devoutly. Opposite,



LOURDES—View of the Church and of the Basilic

on the extremity of the shadowy esplanade, the glittering Gave is rapidly rushing over its bed of stones; on the left of the grotto, the spring of miraculous water flows into a basin; a large marble table engraved in golden letters, gives the words uttered by the Virgin, according to Bernadette; close by are the piscines of cold water, where, during the pilgrimages, sick people, some of them suffering of the most horrid and disgusting diseases, are brought and immersed by voluntary litter bearers, young men belonging to the greatest and noblest gentry of France. This year the poor, helpless patients are left moaning on their sick beds; and the young aristocratic litter bearers of Lourdes are probably on the battlefields, taking up the wounded soldiers and bringing them to the ambulances,—no longer among incense and hymns, but among balls and bullets!

After a pleasant halt under the big trees of the esplanade, we returned to the town. It is not at all interesting by itself,—two things seems to compose it, on one side, convents, hospitals, asylums, orphanages, all sorts of benevolent institutions, and on the other side, shops, shops, numberless shops of souvenirs and articles of piety. Many of these shops belong to the Soubirous family; and to attract the attention, the owners have proudly inscribed on their sign-boards: "Shop conducted by the Aunt of Bernadette." "Shops conducted by Bernadette's nieces or nephews." The Lourdes souvenirs are quite cheap; one can have post cards for three cents a dozen, single chaplets for two cents, a dozen chaplets for ten cents!

There are remarkable natural grottos in and around Lourdes, but we could not visit them; we drove instead to the Peak of the Jer, a summit over 1,100 meters high, and made the ascension by a funicular; the declivity is nearly perpendicular, but the ascent and descent are very slow as it is dangerous. From the top of the Peak, one enjoys a splendid view of the giant mountains drawn all around among the clouds, of the wide, wide open fields, of the meandering Gave, of all the lovely villages nestled down in the valley, of Lourdes and its surroundings. On the highest point of the Peak of the Jer, has been erected a monumental cross which is entirely illuminated at night in the pilgrimage seasons. It must be striking to see it shining bright in the dark sky!

Our visit to Lourdes came to an end and we left the station early in the afternoon for Argeles, where we had only one hour to spend. It is sufficient to have an idea of this pretty little place, entirely encircled by a circumference of mountains, as a finger is encircled by a ring. From a terrace of the Hotel of France, we had a most beautiful view of the mountains, which were slowly effacing themselves in the twilight. It was so solemn, so great, so full of the invisible, yet certain presence of God! I had there one of the deepest impressions of my life. Two

feelings pre-dominated in me: this of eternal silence,—the great eternal silence of nature added to the great eternal silence of my destiny,—and this of supreme stillness,—not the supreme stillness of Death, but the supreme stillness of Eternity. Now I understand better what the Buddhists mean with their Nirvana.

It was market-day in Argeles, as it had been the day before in Pau, and while we made our way back to the station, we saw women who had come from their villages in the mountains, to sell here their poultry and vegetables. We soon noticed, to our surprise, that all these women,—several hundred in all, except two or three of them, were dressed entirely in black and wore black caps. How strange and sad a fashion in this country! But if it was not a fashion after all! We refused to believe our idea, yet, our hearts became anxious and heavy; my mother went to one of the women, "Tell me," she asked her, "is it the custom here to wear black costumes?" The woman looked up desolately. "Oh! no, Madam, we usually wear colored dresses and caps; but we are in mourning because of the war. Yes, ALL OUR MEN ARE DEAD!"

Is it not too terrible! To think that here,—in this quiet little distant place at the other extremity of the war zone, all the men are gone,—these simple, brave mountaineers who were so happy in their small cottages perched on the side of the Pyrenees,—they are gone, and will never come again! Their wives, their mothers, their sisters, their brides wear black dresses and have broken hearts; the family

circles, the homes have an empty place always and forever! And it is the same affliction, the same desolation in all villages and towns of France, Belgium, Britain, Russia, Servia, Italy, Austria, German, Turkey and the East, islands and colonies all the world round. Oh! horrid, horrid war!

From Argeles, the train brought us to Pierrefitte; at Pierrefitte, we took an electric carriage,—half a tram and half a funicular, to attain the mountain line the last stage of our holiday trip,—Cauterets.

What a rough ascent! The one to the peak of the Jer is only a trifle in comparison. The road makes vertiginous zig-zags on the side of the mountain, overleaps a viaduct projected over a deep abyss, goes to the bottom of a dark tunnel, rise up, rise up more and more. Below us, Argeles, Pierrefitte are nothing more but small children's toys scattered on the green carpet of the valley; to the right, to the left, stand up gigantic walls of stone half covered with fir trees; here and there, appears little wooden houses,—refuges,—built for the lost or exhausted travellers, and, rolling on from the highest summits, waterfalls, torrents or threads of water, seeming in their rapid flow, casts of silver in fusion. It is splendid, it is appalling at the same time, and, after one hour of amazement, it is with a sigh of relief that one arrived at Cauterets. Night had come, and the monumental buildings of the principal hotels, illuminated, resplendent in the dark like fairies' castles. We were glad to find soon a suitable pension and to go to a well-deserved rest!

The following day, we took a lovely morning walk in the vale encircled by high mountains. On the bottom of the grassy meadows, cattle were quietly grazing; the Gave fell in limpid cascades on its rocky bed, while, from all the envining summits, mountain streams were falling and rushing in their rapid, incessant course. There are no less than 24 springs and waterfalls in Cauterets, several of them being ferruginous or having medical virtues; and it is the most pretty thing to see all these fresh, pure waters, so candidly white, with blue reflections,—reminding one of the immaculate dress and the heavenly sash of the Virgin of Lourdes, gliding on the dark, stern rocks, and leaping down into the valley to mingle with the bounding Gave! The landscape is all beauty,—the mountains and peaks, some of them crowned with dazzling glaciers and eternal snows, make a magnificent background to it!

After a long walk, we made our way back to Cauterets; we saw the humble, pretty little Protestant chapel where services are only held in summer months, then we reached the town to visit it. It is one of the most famous resorts of the Pyrenees, both for its natural picturesque beauty and for the medical effects of its waters; several thermal baths are frequented every year by thousands of sick persons, while healthy ones come to make ascensions in the mountains. It is said that more than 20,000



ARGELES—A Circumference in the Pyrenees



or 25,000 strangers come here in the season, which lasts only three months. But in winter it is quite a desert place, with snow deep to the first floors of the houses! There are beautiful hotels, shops and thermes,—all of them almost empty this year.

While we were wandering in the town, we saw suddenly before us two familiar faces all beaming with surprise and delight, and friendly hands seized ours. They were our Bordeaux pastor and his wife, Mr. and Mme. Mathieu, a dear couple who was also staying in Cauterets for a while. What a pleasant meeting it was! In the afternoon, Monsieur Mathieu offered himself as a voluntary guide. With him, we ascended a picturesque mountain road, bordered on the right by a foaming and roaring stream, and, rising above pausing every moment to admire the grand scenery, the surrounding summits, the sides all shadowed with fir trees, the landslips of rocks, we reached two of the prettiest Cauterets streams, the waterfall of Cerizey, and the waterfall of Lourdes; both of them are simply marvelous! It was a never-to-be forgotten ascension! When we returned, tired out and delighted, kind Madame Mathieu cheered us with an exquisite tea!

And the sixth and last day of our trip had come! Once more we had a charming walk in the lovely

green country with our nice friends, then we bade them farewell to return to Bordeaux in a few days, and we left Cauterets, bringing with us, the most pleasant memories of it, and the hope to come again to stay there, God willing, in happier and better times!

The descent to Pierrefitte by the funicular seemed more beautiful still than the ascent—perhaps because the first uneasy impression had quite vanished! Rapidly, the train took us past the lovely landscapes of Argeles, of Lourdes, and soon we reached Pau where we had to stay one hour to change cars.

For our last two days in Cauterets, so far above the earth, amidst the perfect peace and serenity of Nature, we had—oh! not *forgotten* the terrible and shooting pangs of anguish of reality, it is impossible to forget! but perhaps felt less acutely, less incessantly about it. At the station of Pau, we were brutally reminded of the war with all its anguish, horrors and miseries. There was a wounded man, as white as death, carried away on a litter to an ambulance; there were soldiers who had just had seven days permission and were returning to the front; most of them had already been wounded, and had on their faded coats marks of balls and cuts of sabre. A rough middle-aged soldier, overexcited, told of

his first onslaught and laughingly asked a passing priest to give him the absolution before he went to die. Then suddenly with a broken voice, he spoke, of his old mother who had become mad of despair when he left her! In a corner, a young wife was passionately and desperately embracing her husband—they had been married two months!—who though wounded, left her for the second time. He bravely tried to comfort her, but his eyes were moist too—oh! these tears of women!—these silent griefs of men! Till when, till when are they going to last?

From Pau to Bordeaux, we made the journey with soldiers returning to the front,—young men or grey-haired fathers who, with a brave, sad smile, spoke of the little ones left behind, and, with their spread hand, made without knowing it *our* sign to indicate them. Poor dear valiant men!—our defenders, perhaps dead now on the battlefields! How one loved them, how one would have passionately liked to do anything for them!

So, from the beginning to the end of our holiday trip, we were followed and haunted by the tragic shadow, the constant companion of all human souls,—War!

YVONNE PITROIS.

90 rue de Marseille, Bordeaux, France.

## PUBLIC OPINION

BY DR. J. H. CLOUD



NOT long ago we were among the invited guests at a dinner given by a high public school official and educator of national prominence. There were also present an assistant superintendent of instruction long in close touch with educational work among the deaf, the principal of America's foremost college for the training of public school teachers, the director of the psycho-educational clinic, two representatives of the combined system of teaching the deaf, and two advocates of the so-called pure oral method.

Aside from an excellent menu of several courses, the discussion centered around the relative merits of the combined system and oral method of teaching the deaf.

In recent months the local oralists have given demonstrations of their work before meetings of a medical society in which the exceptional child, of course, was brought forward as the fruit of pure oralism. In some mysterious (?) manner the local press caught on to the "miracles" being wrought by the oralists and the burden of the news items which subsequently appeared was much like the following:

The— for the Deaf is one of the smallest schools of its kind in America, but already has attracted nation-wide attention because of the new method of teaching the deaf which it has adopted. Oralism of the strictest kind is used. Signs, or the manual alphabet so commonly used by deaf-mutes are absolutely prohibited, and persons who have watched the work of the school declare the results are little short of miraculous. The system used is largely the invention of Miss — being built up from various other educational systems now in vogue in the best schools of Europe and America.

As was to be expected the round table discussion included the "new" methods "invented" by the oralists, the spread of oralism, the responsibility of the sign-language for the deaf pupils' errors in English, the right of the parents of deaf children to determine the method of instruction to be employed in the school, the opposition to the exclusive use of the oral method on the part of the educated deaf, mental back-sliding, the economic waste which the oral method entails, oral legislation, and Germany's claim to being 100% orally pure.

Anyone fairly well grounded in the history of the education of the deaf knows that there has been no new method of teaching the deaf in a

hundred and sixty years. That long ago De l'Epee in France, and a little later, Heinicke in Germany originated methods of teaching the deaf which ever since have formed the basis of instruction everywhere.

The method employed by De l'Epee was based on "the language natural to the deaf-mute himself—that of pantomime." De l'Epee believed that this language of pantomime "corrected, enlarged and perfected by a skillful hand, would prove adequate to interpret written words and to express every shade of thought." The method employed by De l'Epee was the manual—which included signs and finger-spelling—although he taught speech to some of his pupils.

Heinicke, on the other hand, undertook to teach all of his pupils to speak and read the lips of others without the aid of either the sign-language or manual alphabet. His method is known as the oral.

Heinicke decried the method of De l'Epee and after some years of controversy between Heinicke and De l'Epee concerning the relative merits of their respective methods, the matter was finally referred to the learned academy of Zurich which decided in favor of the method of De l'Epee, according high praise to the language of signs he had developed, as one which had reached "the opulence of a copious and polished tongue."

The De l'Epee manual method was transplanted in America nearly a hundred years ago by Gallaudet, and his co-worker, Clerc, a pupil of Sicard the successor of De l'Epee as head of the Paris institution. It formed the basis of instruction for half a century in practically all American schools for the deaf. Later the merits of the oral method came to be recognized by American educators of the deaf and the two methods—the De l'Epee manual and the Heinicke oral—were joined together so as to form a happy medium known as the American combined system. This system embraces speech, lip-reading, writing, manual spelling and signs as may be best calculated to arrive at the highest educational results within the shortest possible time. The combined system fits the method to the child and, unlike the oral, does not insist that the child should fit the method.

In American public schools for the deaf at the present time over ten thousand children are

being educated by means of the combined system and less than two thousand pupils are in oral schools. Speech results in combined system schools are as good as the best produced anywhere. Combined system schools have the additional advantage of being able to give their pupils a better general education than is possible in single method schools, within less time, and also to contribute more of the essential elements which make for the advancement and happiness of the deaf after they have left school.

Oralists seldom fail to advance the time-worn claim that the sign language is responsible for the written and spoken errors in the English of the deaf. The oralists do not seem to be able to comprehend the fact that foreigners learning our language and their own orally taught deaf make the same errors. Instead of discarding and abusing the sign language the oralists would find it an invaluable aid if they would cultivate and insist upon its being used more in the English order. It is the misfortune of the great majority of the advocates of oralism that they do not know the sign-language and consequently are unqualified to pass upon its merits as an aid in the instruction of the deaf.

Oralists have advanced the claim that parents of deaf children have the right to determine the method to be employed in schools for the deaf. They exercise some caution however about pressing the point in advance of a diligent effort to influence parents of deaf children in favor of their method by means of personal appeals, literature and the public press. It is not for parents of deaf children but for qualified teachers of the deaf, professional educators, experts in their special department, to say how the deaf child should be taught. Experts in the work of teaching the deaf will not fail to take into consideration the after school results of methods employed and the opinions of the educated deaf themselves. Dr. E. H. Currier, principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf, well states the case when he says: "The educator of the deaf must learn through the experience of the educated deaf wherein to modify and improve his methods." As a passing observation, borne out by the proceedings of many conventions, the educated deaf, no matter by what method educated, are practically unanimous in favor of the combined system and equally unanimous in condemn-

ing the exclusive use of the oral method in schools for the deaf.

It is generally conceded, even by oralists, that the exclusively speech-lip-reading method of teaching the deaf is the slower and the more difficult. No one appreciates that fact more than the deaf themselves. Where the oral method is used without judicious discrimination and wise application stunted intellects and dwarfed education is bound to result in many cases which under the combined, or manual, method would have developed normally and well.

Because of the irksomeness, difficulty and uncertainty attending the speech reading method the practice is usually discarded as soon as the compelling force has been relaxed. The marked tendency of the orally taught is to "back-slide" into the ways of the deaf in general after leaving school thereby making their time spent in speech drill and the money spent in drilling them more or less an economic waste.

The deaf favor speech and speech reading, but not as the only method of instruction. With them education and happiness are paramount issues. Speech and lip-reading—useful as they may be—are secondary accomplishments which in the very nature of things are not worth the price to many of the deaf.

It is a folly—a crime—to limit the education of the deaf to any single method, especially if it be the oral—the most difficult and the least successful of methods. The fact that the oralists both in this country and in Europe have appealed to law-making bodies—sometimes successfully—to compel the exclusive use of their method in schools for the deaf is a significant admission that their method is lacking in merit, or it would be given the endorsement of the teaching profession and of the educated deaf which would render any law compelling its use wholly unnecessary.

Oralists are prone to point with pride and make much of the claim that Germany is "100 per cent oral." They hold the United States up to derision because, as they say, it is only "30 per cent oral." Be that as it may unbiased and competent experts in the education of the deaf are of opinion that 30 per cent is a liberal allowance for the number to whom the oral method may be worth the price. Belgium, Germany and Norway may lay claim to being 100 per cent oral, but the undisputable fact remains that the combined system schools of America lead the world in every essential respect which makes for the advancement and happiness of the deaf after they have left school. For fifty years and more the United States has maintained a College for the higher education of the deaf—Gallaudet College at Washington—which is still the only college for the deaf in the world. Its graduates show a record for success in a variety of occupations unapproached any where in Europe. Combined system products have received degrees from universities for the hearing, as Yale, Hobart, California, Washington, (St. Louis), and Toronto. Others from combined system schools have matriculated and successfully followed special courses at various colleges, technical, scientific, professional and training schools.

At the first international congress of the deaf, held in Paris, which the writer attended, and which was attended by delegates from Belgium, Germany, Norway and other "100% oral" countries, resolutions were unanimously adopted approving the combined system for use in the schools. A similar stand has been taken by the several international congresses of the deaf held since, notably those held in Chicago and St. Louis at the time of the World's Fair in these cities, to say nothing of the national, state, alumni and other organizations, which include the orally taught as well as those taught by other methods.

Some years ago Mr. J. Heidsiek, of Breslau, Germany, came to visit the United States and to study the methods employed in schools for the deaf in this country. Mr. Heidsiek had taught

for many years in Germany by means of the oral method. He had contributed to the extent of his ability to the making and keeping of Germany "100% oral." But Mr. Heidsiek was a student as well as a teacher and results attainable by means of the oral method alone did not entirely satisfy him. After visiting a number of American schools for the deaf, both oral method and combined system, he came to the conclusion that the schools using the combined system showed by far the best results. Mr. Heidsiek's report has appeared in *The Annals* and later in pamphlet form. It is a frank, lucid and most interesting commentary on methods used in European and American schools for the deaf. A German from "100% oral" Germany, an oralist for years, is deserving of a respectful hearing. The following extracts are taken from Mr. Heidsiek's report to the Breslau school after his visit to America:

"The representatives of the Pure Oral method emphasize in a one-sided manner the importance of speech, without understanding or appreciating all the other tasks which a school for the deaf must perform, and which are identical with the purpose and end of the public school. By making articulate language the basis of all instruction and externally imitating the process of intercourse is as if the French [De l'Epee] the Pure Oral method has degraded German schools for the deaf to a caricature of the public schools, a caricature that has hardly anything in common with the characteristics of the original."\* \* \*

"But it often happens that this laborious task [of teaching by the oral method] requires years, and the deaf-mutes who were originally endowed with normal capacities lose all their mental activity under this continuous mechanical occupation, and are gradually converted into respectable blockheads."\* \* \*

"The art of speaking is a blessing for the deaf, but the use of speech as an exclusive means of instruction and communication changes the blessing to a curse."\* \* \*

"Not only are the adult deaf in revolt against the violent usurpation of their natural rights, but even the smallest pupils of our schools find ways and means to save themselves from the mental starvation process to which they have been condemned for years [by the pure oral method]."\* \* \*

"Speech has been for twenty years the password of German teachers of the deaf, and yet in no country in the world do the deaf use signs more than in the land of the pure oral method."\* \* \*

"In the school room they [our deaf pupils] are German [Hienicke oral method]; at leisure they are French [De l'Epee sign method]. Under the eye of the teacher there is mouth to mouth communication; behind his back the means of intercourse is as if the French [De l'Epee manual] method were employed exclusively in all its purity."\* \* \*

"Nothing has been altered by re-christening the 'German method' the 'Pure Oral method.' The German method is still the same monstrosity that it was twenty or more years ago. With the introduction of the Pure oral method German education has adopted the gait of the crab; that is, it has not gone backward, but has gone forward wrong side first. The representatives of the new departure attempt to eradicate the sign-language, root and branch, without being able to offer the deaf anything in compensation."\* \* \*

"The experience of a hundred years has taught us that the Oral method has proved inadequate as a rational process of instruction, and that it offers no basis of sufficient capacity for the construction of a method of education for the deaf."\* \* \*

"It does not require any deep speculation to comprehend that if it had pleased Providence to create a deaf humanity, the later would have created a medium of intercourse in the same

direction. A deaf humanity would not speak, but use signs; it would never have created an audible, but a visible form of speech. We must proceed from this point of view, in order properly to appreciate the relation of the deaf-mute to signs and to speech. From this point of view also we may understand why the deaf-mute clings to the sign-language with every fibre of his being, and why the results of our oral efforts remain, in general, so meagre."\* \* \*

Some years ago Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, founder and emeritus president of Gallaudet College, and president of the convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, the world's foremost authority in matters pertaining to the education of the deaf, visited a number of leading European schools for the deaf, including those of Germany which claim to be "100% oral." He observed that the schools of Europe, while pure oral in theory make a considerable use of the sign language in practice; that the educated deaf of Europe, the product of oral schools mostly, almost unanimously condemn the single oral method; and that orally taught pupils, after leaving school, have recourse to signs more than to speech.

Dr. Gallaudet's observations in the oral schools of Europe strengthened his belief in the superiority of the combined system.

The following extract is taken from a report of Dr. Gallaudet's address before the Norfolk Convention of the National Association of the Deaf:

"A larger proportion of the deaf of Europe, of mature years, approve of the Combined System. They say that oralism is good for the few—not for the many. Many who have been educated orally find speech unreliable in their after school life. Their teachers understand them but others do not. They are strongly opposed to pure oralism for all—or for most of the deaf.

"In Liepsic, the home of Hienicke and his successor, Voget, lectures are given simultaneously orally and in signs. In reply to my question why signs were used, I was told that 'many could not understand the lips. Speech must be used to sow that the oral method is approved, and signs must be used in order that the deaf might understand.' Surely such a remark must have made Hienicke turn in his grave.

"Recently while on a visit to Dresden, Germany, the Superintendent of a school for the deaf showed me a beautiful chapel. I asked in what manner the services were conducted and was told that they were conducted both orally and in signs. 'You see,' he said, 'we have a sort of combined method.'

At the Delavan convention of American Instructors of the Deaf Mr. T. V. Archer, then connected with the North Carolina School, an oralist, was extolling the merits of the oral method and the facility with which his pupils, even those seated at the remote end of the school chapel, could read his lips. He was interrupted by Mrs. Sylvia C. Ballis, a teacher in the Ontario school, an expert lips reader, with the remark that the oralists were claiming too much, that neither she nor a graduate of the Mount Airy, [Philadelphia oral] school who was present had been able to read a word from Mr. Archer's lips during the course of a somewhat extended discussion. At this juncture Mr. F. W. Booth, head of the Nebraska School and one of the chief pillars of oralism, interposed the following remark—quoted from the convention proceedings:

"I simply want to call attention to the fact that Mr. Archer has not been addressing deaf pupils. He has not been producing the speech as one does in a deaf school, more or less, to his audience."

The oralists claim that their method "restores the deaf to society." Mr. Archer was speaking to his audience as he would have spoken "in society" and the expert lip readers present, including a graduate of an oral school, could not read a word from Mr. Archer's lips. In order

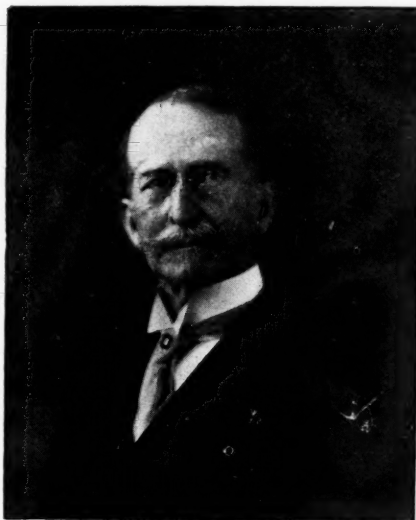


that the deaf may read the lips the speaker must continually be "producing the speech as one does in a deaf school." Unfortunately for the orally taught, society does not produce the speech as one does in a deaf school. Society is not made up of scientifically trained oral teachers.

A few years ago Miss Daisy Way, a deaf lady of Kansas City, a star lip-reader in her school days, and much put forward by the oralists, contributed to the official organ of the oral propaganda a plea that the general public be taught how to talk to the deaf!

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The semi-centennial of Gallaudet College for the Deaf at Washington was celebrated in June, 1914. Joined with this celebration was the Ninth Convention of the Alumni Association of the College. Several hundred graduates and former students of the College were present on this notable occasion—to revisit their *Alma Mater* and again to meet the venerable and greatly beloved Dr. Gallaudet—founder and president emeritus of the college which bears the name of his distinguished father, the founder of deaf-mute instruction in America. There were also present graduates of universities, colleges, normal and high schools for the hearing who had taken the normal course at Gallaudet in order to qualify as teachers of the deaf.



EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET Ph.D., LL.D.  
Founder and Emeritus President of Gallaudet  
College, and President of the Convention of  
American Instructors of the Deaf  
Since 1895

Every section of the country and a great variety of occupations—as architects, chemists, teachers, principals, editors, clergymen, government clerks, brokers, engravers, printers, planters, farmers, mechanics, housekeepers, photographers, and others which the deaf have successfully followed, were represented.

There were present those whose college preparatory training had been received by the manual method, the pure oral method, the combined system, as well as some who had never attended a school for the deaf before entering college.

Many were married—with children and grandchildren all, of course, with normal hearing.

Never before in the history of the world had so many highly educated deaf men and women assembled for any purpose representing, as they did, every section of the United States, a great variety of occupations, and every known method of instruction used in the education of the deaf. They represented the successful deaf—those who had succeeded in business and affairs, in spite of the handicap of deafness.

They knew better than any one else the relative values of methods used in the education of the deaf, as these methods had been fairly tested in their own after school experiences. Among the resolutions unanimously adopted by this distinguished assembly at

(Continued on page 53)

## PHILADELPHIA

By JAMES S. REIDER



"Stray Straws" and "me" differ as to the style of serving the lunch at Elmwood Park and again at the Nebraska School. She is quite welcome to have her way. We said in "Western style" more as a compliment than anything else. In fact, we praised it on an occasion when we recounted our Western trip. In our note book we jotted down the following about this Western style. "Compare our Eastern way with it—our ladies running around the room with filled trays, pushing thro' and

jostling the crowd, and subjecting themselves to great and unnecessary fatigue." It is the "help yourself" element that caught our fancy as the most labor-saving idea of serving refreshments on such occasions. The Ak-Sar-Ben lunch was served in more genuine "buffet style" to our mind, considering all things. There was no such orderly system about it as at the other luncheons to which we refer. "Stray Straws" knows what we mean now. By consulting our note-book, we find that we differ again with "Stray Straws" by using the words "Grape

Smash" instead of the genuine article Grape Juice. We are again quite willing to let William Jennings Bryan to decide which of us is right.

Anent this little unimportant discussion, let us tell "Stray Straws" that a Western lady once told us that at meal tables in the West the common saying is "helping yourself or get left." She probably referred to the agricultural districts. That is not so very bad. But we never supposed that the warning applied with equal truth in genteel society. That is where we were caught. Because we did not *help ourself*



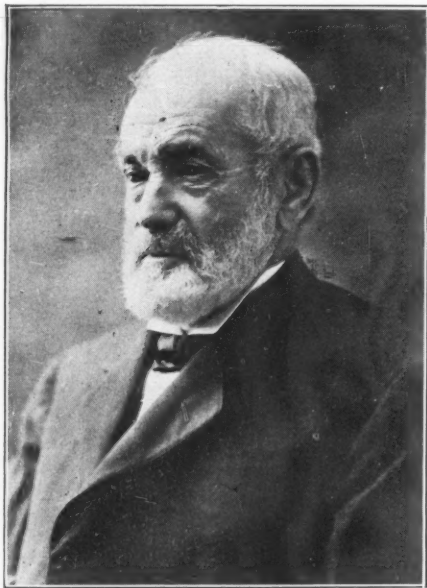
ALUMNI REUNION AT THE MOUNT AIRY SCHOOL

to an acquaintance with "Stray Straws" we got left. Three times did we seek that pleasure, only to be put off and forgotten each time. This explains why, as "Stray Straws" says, "he" and "me" never had one word together during the whole convention—we just saw each other from afar—" Pardon our timidity.

In this issue, the WORKER willing, we present a group of battlefield visitors during the recent Gettysburg Convention of the Pennsylvania Society. It does not, of course, show all who were at the convention. Dr. A. L. E. Crouter is conspicuous in the centre of the group. In the front row, seated on the grass between Mr. Roach and the Rev. Mr. Smielau, is Mr. Frederick H. Hughes, M.A., an oral graduate, who was recently appointed a member of the Faculty of Gallaudet College to teach Latin and Natural Science. The scene is that part of the great battlefield where the first shots were fired.

By the courtesy of the *Mt. Airy World*, the WORKER is also enabled to present this month a fine group picture taken on the last day of the recent Alumni Reunion at the Mt. Airy School. It is a large group, but yet many persons who attended the reunion are missing in it, having gone on excursions to the seashore or other places for which the day had been set aside. The picture was taken by our Mr. Charles Partington. Two other panoramic pictures were taken by a hearing man engaged for the occasion, but, unfortunately, they both turned out failures.

The two oldest graduates who attended the reunion were Mr. Jonas Roberts, of Bristol, Pa., who, at 83, is still able to walk around without the aid of a cane, and Mr. Michael D. Barnitz, of York, Pa., of whom we show an excellent picture just taken. Mr. Barnitz only celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday on Oc-



MICHAEL D. BARNITZ

tober 29th, last. He belongs to a wealthy, highly respectable, and one of the best known families in York County, and lives in a beautiful villa on the outskirts of the city of York with an only surviving hearing sister, Miss Anna Barnitz. We can not help recalling here the great pleasure the writer and his wife had in being entertained at this villa one day the latter part of last August. Mr. Barnitz never married; he is tall and large of stature, and his health, but for a rheumatic affection of the lower limbs which compels the use of canes in walking and even then is difficult, seems as good as it can be for a man of his age. This troublesome affection that prevents any form of exercise, save automobile riding, is more likely to affect his general health than any thing else. We hope that he will be spared to us much longer though. We do not know how the trouble was brought about, but we recollect that, in his younger



P. S. A. D. VISITORS AT THE GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD.

days, Mr. Barnitz was perhaps inordinately fond of such pastimes as fishing, swimming, bicycle-riding, skating and pedestrianism. Maybe hunting may be included. He performed skating stunts that made him "the talk of the town" then. He had learned printing as an accomplishment, but never did much at it.

The large business of selling coal, wood, charcoal, coke, and building materials, to which Mr. Barnitz and his sister have succeeded, was established sixty-eight years ago. Its management is at present intrusted to Mr. H. Samuel Hays and Mr. John W. Mumma. These two gentlemen are also practically the care-takers of Mr. Barnitz when their services are needed. They have become conversant with the finger alphabet and some signs and thus can humor the aged man without having to resort to writing. But Mr. Barnitz will not only be humored; he humors them also; being generally of a pleasant disposition. On his recent birthday celebration Mr. Hays and Mr. Mumma presented him a big jar of lime drops, a favorite candy of his, as a joke; but, we think, he turned the joke nicely on them by asking them to contribute something also with him to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doylestown. So they had to fish into their pockets again, and Mr. Barnitz was able to send a goodly check for \$31.50, as part of his birthday celebration. He is a regular annual contributor to the Home and a valued friend of the worthy charity.

On September 23rd, 24th, and 25th., the Clerc Literary Association celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. It was founded on September 22nd, 1865, and has the distinction of being the oldest organization of its kind among the deaf in the United States. The secret of its long life lies largely in the fact that it has always been interlocked with the interests of All Souls' Mission for the Deaf. Every success that the Mission attains conduces to the good of the Association, and *vice versa*. And yet its character has always been non-sectarian, being open to all creeds and to both sexes, the Mission merely exercising such an oversight as will maintain proper discipline and conformity to the laws of the Church, which fosters it.

The celebration was spread over the three evenings of the dates given above. On the first evening there was a reception, followed by an enjoyable moving picture entertainment; on the second evening the literary part was held, cositing of a short address of felicitation by the President of the Association, Mr. William H. Lipsett, and the conferring of honorary membership on the following persons:—Dr. A. L. E.

Crouter, Prof. Enoch Henry Currier, of New York; Prof. E. Stanley Thompson, Prof. Barton Sensening, Prof. Arthur C. Manning, Prof. James A. Weaver, and Prof. John P. Walker, of Trenton, N. J.

The writer had the honor of delivering the chief address of the evening, having chosen for his subject "The Deaf of Philadelphia," and, following it, short addresses were made by several other persons. The celebration wound up with a supper and dance at the Hotel Walton on the last evening.

On November 6th, William J. Poole, of Gloucester, N. J., suffering with a complication of diseases, was removed to the State Sanitarium at Ancora, New Jersey. He was a bottler by occupation.

Mr. Adolph N. Struck, of Louisville, Ky., is the latest arrival in Philadelphia to learn monotype operating at the Langston School, 24th and Locust Streets. He expects to remain here several weeks. Mr. Wilbur I. Wells, of Aurora, Ill., has been taking a course at the same school for several weeks past.

The ladies of the congregation of All Souls' Church for the Deaf held a two-day bazaar in aid of the Church on November 9th and 10th. The net proceeds amounted to considerably over a hundred dollars. Most of the money will be applied to the purchase of coal for the winter.

Mr. William McKinney, one of our best known deaf, passed his sixty-sixth birthday on November 4th. He is still working at his trade of book-binding, but expects to retire soon. He once operated a machine in a large shoe factory and commanded excellent wages. When the factory closed up he learned his present trade.

Mr. Ellis D. Lit has been elected to fill the vacancy in the Board of Trustees of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf caused by the death of Mr. Hugh B. Eastburn.

A very successful and enjoyable Hallowe'en Party was held at All Souls' Parish Hall on October 30th., last. It was for the benefit of the Church.

The Lancaster Local Branch of the Pennsylvania Society has been resuscitated mainly through the efforts of the Rev. F. C. Smielau.

Mr. John M. Rolhouse, of Pittsburgh, resigned from the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society, in October, and was succeeded by Mr. Henry Bardes of the same city.



# CALIFORNIA

By MRS. ALICE T. TERRY



IN THE principle that we, the deaf, are just like other people, I am going to state boldly some facts which need not necessarily startle anybody. People may be properly classed as follows: the near-good, the good; the near-bad, the bad: Accordingly, let us also group the deaf into these four classes. To this let us acquiesce readily. We have to—if we are to adhere to that claim that we are just like other people. We have all their good points, and also their bad ones. It is human nature. I will not, however, mention any of those particular faults which I have in mind now. There would be danger of a misunderstanding if I did. But this I will say, "Wouldn't we deaf writers and workers appear woefully conceited or ill-informed to try to make the uninitiated (public) believe that among us there are no bad deaf?"

Up to eight years ago I lived in a sparsely settled community in Missouri, far removed from the centers of deaf society. From both necessity and choice,



Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Leow of New York, recent summer visitors to California.

I sought and won the companionship of Nature, the elements, and all the other good things that Mother Earth so willingly gives to her children who will heed and take. The study of soil was to me extremely interesting. I had a garden filled with a hundred varieties of flowers and plants—every one of them planted and cultivated by my own hands. For books, my favorite author was Ralph Waldo Emerson. Those essays of his,—what a constant source of beautiful, optimistic philosophy they were! That great man persistently dwelled upon the best and noblest in mankind, omitting almost entirely man's weaker, baser qualities. So charmed was I with that wonderful Idealism, so readily did I grasp and share his convictions that I am afraid if I had at that time attempted a true status of the deaf I would have pictured them every one as perfectly GOOD. Looking upon them at that distance with only the tenderest sympathy, born of that kindred affliction, deafness, and under the spell of Emerson's wonderful Optimism, I could not have possibly stated that any of them were bad. But now, after several years of active labors among the deaf of a great city, I think I am able to cover the subject squarely, avoiding what I might once have written,—a one sided character sketch of our fellow-deaf.

But let me begin now the effect of another philosophy which was revealed to me later, when I quit the country and went to live in the city for the first

time. It was not a large city to be sure. It was only a metropolis in miniature. Contrary to my expectations, I soon tired of my new surroundings. The gaieties, the exciting attractions of urban life became a bore, a sickening disappointment. Instead of the familiar, peaceful rolling landscape which had been only my daily stimulus, my view was now rudely obstructed by rows of houses, bill-boards, factory walls,—and what not? Instead of my beloved woodland-scented breezes, I was now forced to breathe the smoke, dust and murky vapors of the city. Those bill-boards! How can I ever forget their unpoetical aspect? They were everywhere, even regardless of neighborhood restrictions. I remember that "Duke's Mixture," in particular, on a 7x50 foot Board, occupied one of the best sites in town. Its match in size and capacity to attract was either some celebrated brand of Beer, "Pabst Blue Ribbon," for instance; or else Douglas' \$3.50 Best-on-Earth Shoe." I might have gone over a certain well worn road leading beyond the city limits for a glimpse of the peaceful country scenes which I so longed to see again. But somehow I never got past the cemetery, out there on the edge of town. Why? Because right there at the gate of the City of the Dead stood a singular glaring Bill-Board of mammoth size. It was fully 10x80 feet, and was the property of an enterprising local dry goods merchant. Just why he choose to advertise upon that almost hallowed ground, or just what commercial gains he expected from this outrage upon funeral processions, at least, I never could understand. As to whatever new sensation awaited me in the country beyond the cemetery I never did know either, for I never had the heart to investigate.

How I did at times feel the pangs of loneliness! How my heart ached to live over again those happy, informal days with Emerson and my garden!

About this time I met and became acquainted with one of the best and noblest women I have ever known. She is the kind we all love to go to in time to trouble. But I wasn't in trouble. I was only miserable because I did not find in city life that double stimulus for soul and body, which I had so enjoyed in the country. This woman was the mother of several children, the youngest of whom had recently died of scarlet fever. It may be that because "misery loves company" she understood me readily. She procured for me *Les Misérables*, by Victor Hugo, and with an expression that indicated a choking voice told me to read it. I had not read far into that tragical story before I began to feel more at home in the city. Gradually a new feeling of contentment came over me. The immortal Hugo had taught me that particular philosophy destined to make city life endurable, if not appreciable. Emerson had preached only the sweetness of life. The incomparable Hugo pictured in startling reality the deep, dark TRAGEDY underlying the hum and progress of cities. His subject was the Poor—always the Poor. *Les Misérables* is French, meaning also the Poor—those miserably wretched and unfortunate human beings whom Society—so-called Christian Society—is pleased to brand as outcasts. Excepting the Divinity, Christ, the Poor never had a better friend than this French Master. Unless we are to consider the more recent works of Count Tolstoy. So ardent was my admiration for Hugo that I had my second son christened *Victor*, after him.

Later, after coming to live in California, by the Sea, I remembered another book by Hugo which a Scientist in the East had advised me to read, claiming that it was a greater work than *Les Misérables*. We were living within a stone's throw of the beach, and the irresistible spell of the ocean was upon me. I purchased that book, *Toilers of the Sea*, and for weeks it was my best friend. But I did not agree with the scientist—that it was better than *Les Misérables*.

We moved again. We were now several blocks away from the sea, our house faced the hills and plains. Here I found another neighbor who was also deeply interested in the old master works of fiction. She said to me, "Have you read *Notre Dame de Paris*?" I replied that I had not. Then she tried to tell me the story briefly, making the central figure, the little friendless, homeless hunchback, Quasimodo, the most wonderful hero in all fiction. Strange as it seemed to me afterward, she did not mention that Quasimodo was deaf. With fitting interest I read and re-read that book—that awful story, the scene of which was laid in Paris in the fifteenth century. And as it contains much that is historical fact, it gives one a good insight into the condition of the deaf before certain philanthropic men discovered that they can be not only successfully educated, but that they also have a perfect right to be. I want to say, to the credit of the immortal Hugo, that he handled his deaf character well. In fact,



Miss Ethel Eaton, South Dakota school teacher, on the grounds of Berkeley, California School.

much better than could be suspected of present-day great writers,—even after all the progress and attainment allotted to the deaf. The parts I like best are where Hugo credits Quasimodo with extraordinary—at times superhuman—instinct, bravery and strength. He performed feats of daring that yet startle the world. Remember he lived more than five hundred year ago. Not only was he deaf and well nigh mute, but he was also hideously ugly and horribly deformed. In fact, a more monstrous, a more repulsive personality never lived upon this earth. He was constantly jeered at, wronged, beaten, outraged,—all for no cause except that HE WAS DEAF and fearfully, horribly ugly. The silent submission, the wonderful fortitude with which he bore these awful sufferings make him the hero that will live forever. A year ago I decided to reproduce that story for this paper,—at best only an outline of that book, *Notre Dame de Paris*. But for several reasons I postponed it. Now, I have again decided to do it, and it will appear in a near future issue. It is not a pleasant story, dear reader. On the contrary it is a horrible, sickening tale. But then, let Quasimodo appeal to us because HE WAS DEAF.

Eternity has no gray hairs! The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.—Bishop Hebrer.

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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

VOL. XXVIII. DECEMBER, 1915. No. 3

## **HELEN CHAPIN VAIL.**

The hand of Death, so long stayed from us, suddenly has been stretched forth and there has been taken from us a loved and valued associate and friend. Helen Chapin Vail, for eighteen years a member of our corps, and for the past two years our supervising principal, has suddenly been called, and today we sadly miss "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is stilled." On the 11th of the month she came to us, saying that a surgical operation was necessary, bade us a cheery good-bye, and on Saturday, the 13th, was under the knife. Her condition became grave, at once, and, on Tuesday, she was settled in the conviction that she would not live. Sending for her sister, she arranged, to the smallest detail, all her earthly affairs, even giving minute directions as to her obsequies; and on Saturday, the 20th, passed away. The dominating characteristic of Miss Vail's life was her unswerving justice and this she rendered to all. She was just to every pupil, giving them her best endeavors at all times; just to her associates, striving ever to better their positions and to better their work; just to all her superior officers, ever rendering them that assistance and fealty which she felt was their due. Death has ever loved a shining mark. It has taken from us one who shone in all ways and at all times, one who will be most sadly missed by all who knew her and one whose place it will be hard indeed to fill.

## **MISS KELLER WITH US.**

Helen Keller, our own Helen, was in town on Tuesday evening and gave one of her beautiful talks at Association Hall. Tren-

ton's best circle was there, and everybody came away impressed more than ever with the wonderfulness of her accomplishments and with the patience and persistent effort of her teacher, Mrs. Macy, who made it all possible. Miss Keller spent a half hour with the Governor, Dr. Kendall and Mr. Walker in the executive chambers in the afternoon and on Wednesday morning returned to her home in Massachusetts.

## **THE PIANO AS A TEACHER.**

The past year has witnessed an experiment, in the teaching of speech, that we have been watching with the greatest interest. It has been the use of the piano to give the child sound and pitch. Probably the first to enter the field was Dr. Currier of New York who, forty years ago, was impressed with the pleasure evinced by the boy beating a drum, by the impact of a deaf child's bat with a ball, or by almost any loud noise that was carried by his sense of touch to his centres. He began experimentation along the line and from the simple beginning has built up a system of instruction, using the piano as his instrument, that has proved a wonderful factor in the education of his boys and girls. At his urgent suggestion we have given it a trial, and we acknowledge conversion to the thought. As yet we have tried it with but a score of pupils, enough, however, to convince us of its merits, and we hope in the near future to extend the benefits of it to our whole school. There has heretofore always been something uncanny about speech to deaf children, something almost dead. The piano has vitalized sound to them. They respond to the musical vibrations and rhythm is now something that lives and gives a real joy to them.

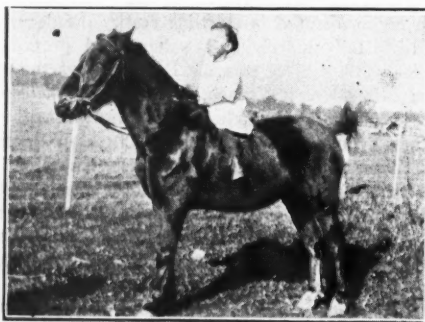
## **A LINE FROM OVER THE BORDER**

WATERLOO, ONTARIO, NOV. 4, 1915.

MR. JOHN P. WALKER,  
Trenton, N. J.

DEAR MR. WALKER:—The time certainly goes like the wind, and here it is November and I have failed to send in a renewal. I shall do so now, and hope that no issue will miss my reading table.

While in Toronto last month I saw Mrs. Law—nee Belle Russel—one of your former pupils. She



first married Wm. Lightfoot who died of consumption three years after their marriage, leaving her a little son. Subsequently, she married Mr. Law (a healthy, handsome and bright man). She has since had another son, and a very sturdy baby he is. Mrs. Law has grown very stout and is very well and quite comfortably settled in her own home now. We had a very pleasant chat as we are both from

the East. I was educated in the Kendall School at Washington, in which city my only brother, a specialist, still lives. I enclose a little snap-shot of our dear little daughter, Beverly Delzend Moynihan riding our pony Reuben. The pony is very intelligent and will go as calmly as an old cat when Beverly is on his back. The picture was taken when the wind was very high and the child is trying to make Reuben go as you will notice. Beverly is only three and a half years old, but is a very clever child. She can spell many words on her fingers, such as "mama," "dada," "Bob," "baby," "cat," and "boot." I will send Bob's picture, and a sketch of his noble life later on. He is a beautiful collie, most intelligent, and a gentle loving dog.

Wishing you every success in this season's work under your management and with good wishes for Christmas in advance.

I remain sincerely yours,

E. LUCILE MOYNIHAN.

WATERLOO, ONTARIO, CANADA.

## **OUR HEALTH**

The following notice was sent to parents week before last:—

### **THE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF**

Trenton, Nov. 18, 1915.

I would beg to advise you that, while there is no case of diphtheria in our school, we have several children in our infirmary who have been pronounced to be "carriers," that is who, without having the disease themselves, still have the germs of it, and might give it to others. In view of the circumstances, the Board of Health has instructed us not to have our usual "open house" on Thanksgiving day, and we shall be unable to receive visitors at that time.

Aside from these "carriers," who seem to be perfectly well, the physical condition of our children was never better.

Dr. J. R. Dobyns, of the Southwestern Presbyterian University at Clarksville, Tenn., formerly the Superintendent of the Mississippi School for the Deaf, is so much impressed with our half-tone department that he thinks seriously of establishing one at the University.

## **THERE IS NO DEATH**

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
And flowers may fade and pass away;  
They only wait through wintry hours,  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
He bears our best loved things away;  
And then we call them "dead."

Born unto that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them the same,  
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead.



# SCHOOL and CITY



Germ.

Baccili.

Boogles.

Cultures.

Terrifying,

But harmless.

For nobody's sick.

Cold wintry blasts.

A little flurry of snow.

Did you see the blue-jay?

Some days must be dark and dreary.

Only thirty-six days more till 1916.

Our re-union on Thursday evening was fine.

Twenty-four of our girls already can make bread.

Pleasant memories of our Halloween yet linger.

Miss Brian's class quite likes their lessons in rhythm.

Joseph Allen got a whole dollar in a letter a few days ago.

Philip Katz says if he had no sled there would be lots of snow.

Louis Otten is making a tool-chest and it is going to be a beauty.

One of the little boys is saving up to go to Philadelphia, already.

The "Raindrop" still rules a prime favorite among the library books.

Any boy or girl can tell you just how many days it is till Christmas.

The floral pieces sent Miss Vail by the teachers and pupils were very beautiful.

Mr. Walker got another fine, long letter from Charles Dobbins a few days ago.

Arthur Long thinks that every one should read and digest Jefferson's ten rules.

Anna Robinson is the happy possessor of a pretty new waist, a present from Miss Wood.

Catherine Melone says she would give anything to see her sister who lives in Cheyenne.

We had our day of thanks all to ourselves, but there never was a more enjoyable one.

Katie Brigantie confides to us that Salvatore was almost disobedient in school the other day.

Physcial Director Markley is the healthiest looking specimen we ever saw under quarantine.

Though living outside Alfred Corby and Ruth Hanson are very punctual in their attendance.

Edward Scheiber has grown so, that his sister hardly knew him when she saw him on Wednesday.

The boys in the printing department have formed a "Printers Club," with Mr. Porter as president.

The moving pictures of the Curtis Publishing Co. plant has caused endless discussion among our printers.

It was a great disappointment to us not to be able to have Samuel Eber's aggregation with us on Thursday.

When Mr. Sharp and Mr. Markley came back from quarantine there was great rejoicing among the boys.

We all regret that Helen Keller did not have time to drop in and see us for a while, during her visit in Trenton.

More subscriptions for the Silent Worker during the past two months than during any similar period of its history.

Our new nurse, Miss Minetta Rhead, always seems to look at the bright side, but then her cares are only little ones.

Our set of Montessori materials is most complete and it promises to be a great aid in our work among the younger pupils.

Johnny MacNee's brain did not work with its usual vigor on Friday. He only succeeded in turning in four pages of notes.

The cup-cakes and tea made by the girls on Wednesday afternoon would have been a credit to the cook at Delmonico's.

Arthur Green thinks that the best trade of all is shoemaking. After all, the best trade to a boy is the one he likes the best.

Since Joseph Corello has gotten rid of his many microbes he wears a smile a foot wide; and his little brothers smile with him.

Having a culture taken is a little like playing a game of chance. Sometimes you get a "positive" and sometimes you don't.

You would not think that stalwart Alfred Shaw was once a shrinking little "kid" who was almost afraid of his own shadow.

The minutes of the Board of Education seem to get more bulky each month, and the printing office certainly has its hands full these days.

The girls had their first game of "toss" on Thursday, and derived much pleasure from it. They say they like it the best of all their games.

Some of the larger girls are trying to rob Pearl Harris of her position as the tallest girl in the school, but no one has succeeded as yet.

The new tables being turned out by Mr. Johnson's department for Miss Fitts' class are as fine as any kindergarten tables we have ever seen.

The new basket ball suits arrived on Saturday, and have been assigned to this year's team. They are very nice ones and fully up to all expectations.

The boxes that came at Thanksgiving were "twice blessed." They told the children of the love the senders bore them and they were full of goodies.

Quite a few of our teachers went to hear the address of Helen Keller at Association Hall, on Tuesday evening, and all thought her very wonderful.

We are beginning to think that if the Board of Health would put any of us to full tests we would be found to be dying of forty different diseases.

Master Davison thinks more of the parcel post than ever since it brought him that elegant overcoat. He does not care, how soon the cold weather comes now.

In a late letter recently received by one of the girls, Ada Earnst expresses a great deal of disappointment at not being able to be with us on Thanksgiving day.

Old Mr. Owl is much in evidence of late. His screams at night are something awful and it is woe to the sparrow that sleeps in the open when he is about.

A dozen of our little boys led by Master Tuma gave the grounds a good brushing up on Saturday and, on Monday, Mr. Meany began the work of liming the lawns.

There was no more delighted guest at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Bennison, week before last, than Mary Sommers. She says that she had the time of her life.

To save the annoyance of smoke, our leaves have all been trenched. Not only is the smoke nuisance abated by this disposition of them, but the soil is enriched as well.

Henri Coene has been quite ill during the past few days, but is quite himself again now. We guess that the presence of his mother had much to do with his speedy recovery.

Joseph Allocca's brother has gone on a visit to Canada. Perhaps it is his idea to join the Canadian troops who are going to take part in the great war in Europe. Who knows?

The special moving-picture exhibition lecture given by Mr. Newcomb on Friday afternoon probably was the most pleasurable to them of any of the large number he has furnished.

One of the two new boilers that are being installed is already in place, and will be ready for use in another week or two. Then we shall have at least one dependable source of heat.

Some of the little girls think they know exactly how many presents they are going to receive at Christmas. Don't you think they are counting their chickens before they are hatched.

Arthur Long, Alfred Shaw and John MacNee cleaned the No. 8 linotype the other day, taking it entirely apart and putting it completely together again, and now it works like a charm, again.

Bernard Doyle says that a growing love for Athletics and the out-of-doors has rapidly lessened his affection for moving pictures and that he went to the "movies" but three times all last summer.

The elegant carriage, a relic of a former administration which had fallen into disuse and which had incumbered our wagon house during the past couple of decades was sent away for sale last week.

There are few children in schools for the deaf who can talk better than Fred Ciampaglia, Robert Van Sickle, Esther Forseman, Mary Murphy and Marion Bausman and few better lip-readers than Esther Woelper.

In a letter to George Hummel from his sister, the latter speaks of a coat that cost \$1,000, and George cannot understand how one coat could cost so much. Wait till he hears of the doctor's bill of \$99,000 that was just presented in New York.

One of the boys was improvident enough, some times ago, to take a suit of clothes to be cleaned and pressed without knowing just where the *sine que non* was to come from. He soon realized his mistake, however, and hope was beginning to give place to despair when along came his mother with the dollar and a half. You can imagine what a relief this was.

## STRAY STRAWS

BY E. FLORENCE LONG

## THE IMPOSTER.

*Has a young man begging money  
To your front door ever come  
With a tale of woe and sickness  
Claiming to be deaf and dumb?*

*Mark him! He's a rank impostor,  
Faking, deafness you can bet!  
Never have I seen deserving  
Deaf-mutes go round begging yet.*

*With a mournful look he'll greet you,—  
Hypocrite of deepest dye,  
Every motion studied acting,  
Every word he says a lie.*

*Basest of unworthy beggars,  
Earth I doubt has any worse  
Than the leech who feigns misfortune  
Just to fill an empty purse.*

*Human leech he is most surely,  
Social parasite that preys  
Not on social substance only,  
But on sympathy he plays,*

*Gives the deaf a false position,  
(This it is that mostly hurts.)  
Yank him to the nearest justice,  
Help us give him his deserts.*

J. S. L.



It will be remembered that way back in June, 1914, during the Gallaudet College Alumni convention held at Washington, D. C., there were several alumni honored with the degrees of Doctor from the college and handed them by the beloved Dr. Gallaudet. There were also two ladies, Mrs. Sylvia Chapin Balis and Miss Laura C. Sheridan, who were given honorary degrees of M. A. from the college. They surely would have belonged to the college as alumnae if the doors of the college had not been closed to women in their time.

Last spring I managed to tell a little about Mrs. Balis and her other half, Mr. Balis, and tried to get hold of something about Miss Sheridan at the same time. But that elusive little lady procrastinated until "the good old summer time" and then rewarded me with quite a life sketch of herself written by her brother, the general secretary of the Epworth League. She does not have her picture taken any more and the picture accompanying the sketch was taken several years ago when she was in Baltimore helping Rev. Moylan in revival work among the deaf. Many of the deaf connected with the Indiana and Illinois State Schools for the Deaf will remember Miss Sheridan as a valued teacher and friend.

Laura C. Sheridan is the daughter of a Methodist Minister, who was caught out in a blizzard while traveling his circuit in Northern Indiana, and dragged himself home to die. As a girl in the public schools she made an exceptional record. At twelve years of age she became partially deaf as a result of measles. However, she continued to attend the public schools until she was eighteen, partially completing the high school course.

Her attention having been directed to the teaching of the deaf as a profession, she decided to go to Indianapolis and spend a period in manual and sign language training, the superintendent having told her that it was of very great importance that she acquire a free use of the sign language if she wished to become an efficient teacher of the deaf. This she did, remaining in the School for the Deaf six months as a member of the Senior class.

The following year she was made a teacher in the school at Indianapolis and has been in the work the greater part of the time since. Had Gallaudet

College at Washington, at that time been open to women she would have eagerly availed herself of its advantages for advanced study.

Soon after she became a teacher she took up the correspondence work of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle in the early days when the work was heavy enough to make busy people too often soon



MISS LAURA C. SHERIDAN

drop it. She did not drop it but did much of the work in snatches of time. As a rule, she studied at this an hour before breakfast. She was given an average of 98 and a fraction on her papers for the four years course, going to Chautauqua to graduate and take her diploma.

While always an enthusiastic and highly efficient teacher, with a high conception of her profession, yet her supreme work has always been Christian work in soul winning and spiritual culture. Her whole life a motive-force has been poured into this channel. Her father, an earnest minister of the gospel of marked revival powers, seems to have imparted to her much of his spirit. As a child she dreamed of standing before audiences and persuading people to Christ. She has always believed she was given that six months of close contact with the deaf to give her a good command of the sign language, and a knowledge of and sympathy with the deaf, that would especially prepare her to do work among them in a religious way. Her experience as a teacher of the deaf in the Indiana school the first year she does not remember with half the vividness that she does the fact that she won a soul to Christ among the older girls, who has ever since been faithful. And one who was a pupil in that first class was later converted in her room, and has for years been a teacher in a State school, noted for her ability to constantly keep a Christian Endeavor Society going. Also Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab was converted in Miss Sheridan's meetings in the Indiana School just before going to college, and the talented girl who later became the highly efficient deaconess of his Chicago work—Miss Vina Smith.

It has been the same way in the school at Jacksonville, Illinois, to which Miss Sheridan was later transferred as a teacher. Always the spiritual welfare of the pupils and of her fellow workers in the school has been uppermost in her thoughts. Not only as the ordinary Sunday School hour utilized for conveying spiritual instruction and inspiration, but she sometimes, by the superintendent's invitation, conducted the regular Sunday service and also held, from time to time, special services for pupils and such others

as wished to attend. A Bible-study class for deaf teachers and officers was for a time a feature of her work. Many young people were led to accept Christ by these meetings and many others who were in a merely nominal Christian life were led into a vital and active Christian service by these means.

Along with Dr. Philip G. Gillett, of fragrant memory, Miss Sheridan, through the sequence of her religious work, was responsible for the opening of Methodist work for the deaf in Chicago.

The head of this work, Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab and his assistant, Rev. Henry Rutherford, were led into an active Christian life largely through the influence of this consecrated woman. The work among the Chicago deaf has commanded a part of her time for years. Weeks that other teachers spent in vacation rest, Miss Sheridan has spent in seeking to lead friends in Chicago into a more vital contact with Christ.

For several years Miss Sheridan gave up teaching to care for her invalid mother at her home in Greencastle, Indiana. She stayed with her mother until the latter's death. Residence at Greencastle brought her into contact with the students of DePauw University, where her influence became potent as a Christian worker. All over the United States the writer in his travels as a General Officer of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has met men and women occupying positions of leadership in the church, who have expressed their gratitude and great obligation to Miss Sheridan for the help she had been to them at the University in a critical period of their lives.

Miss Sheridan is now again engaged in teaching at Jacksonville, Illinois. All in all her influence has been as widely extended, perhaps, as that of any woman in private life in the land. By both pen and voice, in the hearing world as well as by the language of signs in the "silent world" of the deaf, she has made her influence felt as a power for good in uplifting human lives.



As per the following program it will be seen that the Mid-West Branch of Gallaudet College Alumni Association is alive and busy as ever for 1915-1916. The officers and committee this year are F. C. Holloway, '78, President; Waldo H. Rothert, '98, Vice-President; Mrs. Augusta Kruse Barrett, ex, '96, Secretary-Treasurer.

## SEPTEMBER

*Mr. and Mrs. Perry E. Seely. (O.)*

Comments on the meeting of the N. F. S. D. at Omaha and a few suggestions.....F. C. Holloway  
The meeting of the N. A. D. at San Francisco and the Fair.....John W. Barrett  
The Los Angeles Reception and the San Diego Exposition.....Mrs. John W. Barrett

*(Speakers limited to 20 minutes.)*

Remarks from Mr. Roy J. Stewart of Washington, D. C.

## OCTOBER

*Mr. and Mrs. John W. Barrett (C. B.)*

The Submarine and its Future.....Z. B. Thompson  
The Aeroplane and its Future.....Miss Sarah B. Streby  
The Automobile and its Future.....Waldo H. Rothert  
What can be learned from the present European War in a Military, Naval, Political, Commercial and Social Way.....P. E. Seely

*(Speakers limited to 20 minutes.)*

## NOVEMBER

*Mr. and Mrs. James W. Sowell (O.)*

Cards

## DECEMBER

*Mr. and Mrs. Z. B. Thompson (C. B.)*

The Gallaudets, their Individuality, their Lives, Works, and Place in the Education of the Deaf, with Anecdotes of the same....J. Schuyler Long  
James W. Sowell

*(Speakers limited to 20 minutes. Volunteers to 5 minutes.)*



## JANUARY

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo H. Rothert (O.)

Cards

## FEBRUARY

Supt. and Mrs. F. W. Booth (O.)

Cards

## MARCH

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Long (C. B.)

The latest and greatest Accomplishments of Man

.....E. L. Michaelson and H. G. Long

The latest and greatest Accomplishments of Woman

.....Mrs. P. E. Seely and Mrs. H. G. Long

(Speakers limited to 20 minutes.)

## APRIL

Mr. and Mrs. J. Schuyler Long (C. B.)

Ladies' Night:—Mesdames Sowell, Long, Rothert,

Blankenship, Holloway and Thompson.

## MAY

Annual Banquet (O.)

## JUNE

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Holloway (C. B.)

Annual Election and Business Meeting

Cards

## ORDER OF BUSINESS

1. Reading of the Minutes.
2. Unfinished Business.
3. New Business.
4. Admission of Members.
5. Election of Officers.
6. Adjournment.



The seven deaf ladies of Omaha and Council Bluffs, who were decorated with Frat pins at the N. F. S. D. convention and later had the honor of being initiated into some of the mysteries of the society, are going to have a series of little social affairs for all the deaf and their friend thereabouts for the year. The leader, Mrs. Florence Phelps Rothert, started with a Weenie Roast in the woods of Fontenelle Park, Omaha, to keep up with the spirit of Halloween. There was a big brick over in the woods with plenty of firewood all furnished by the park—also long forked sticks with which to speak the weenies and hold them over the glowing wood coals for for roasting. The weather was ideal and warmer than most of the rather coal days of last summer. It was real "Indian Summer" weather which sometimes lasts as long as six weeks in the great mid-west states.

## PUBLIC OPINION

(Continued from page 47)

Washington were the following:

THE COMBINED METHOD: WHEREAS, The aim of education should be the greatest good to the greatest number, and

WHEREAS, Owing to differences of intellectual endowment, no single method can apply successfully to all deaf children alike, therefore be it

Resolved, That we express our entire approval of the American Combined System of educating the deaf, as the only system that gives to every deaf child the opportunity of obtaining the very best education of which it is capable; and be it further

Resolved, That we go on record as favoring the oral method as one of the methods to be employed in the general education of the deaf; that we affirm that every deaf child should have a fair opportunity to learn to talk and to read speech from the lips; but when progress under this method proves to be slow and unsatisfactory, it should be abandoned and recourse had to other methods; and be it further

Resolved, That we protest most emphatically against condemning any deaf child as hopelessly feeble-minded when it fails to make progress under the oral method alone. We demand that in all fairness such a child shall be given a fair trial under expert manual instruction before the attempt to educate it is abandoned.

FAIR PLAY: WHEREAS, It is a common practice in schools for the deaf to have their semi-mutes speak their essays at commencement time, or give oral recitations at other public exhibitions of the school work, and

WHEREAS, These semi-mutes are not bona fide products of the school's oral teaching and

WHEREAS, The schools would never think of submitting their genuine oral products to such a severe vocal test, and

WHEREAS, Such public exhibitions of semi-mutes tend to create a wrong impression upon the public mind, and to raise hopes in the minds of parents of young deaf children that can never be realized, therefore be it

Resolved, That we protest against such public exploitation of semi-mutes, without proper explanation, as opposed to the spirit of fair play and candor

that should govern people who are engaged in such a high calling as the training of the youth of the land.

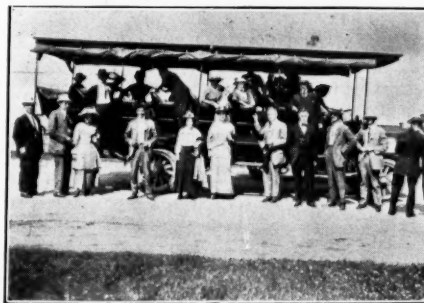
CONSULTING THE DEAF: Resolved, That we affirm that the educated deaf, by reason of their experience at school and college and out in the world, who are best qualified to pass on questions relating to the education of the deaf, should be consulted, and the authorities of the schools, when considering matters of policy or contemplating changes, would do well to seek their views and opinions and give them due consideration.

EXCLUSIVE METHOD: Resolved, That we protest unqualifiedly against the attempt in any state to impose any single, especially the oral, method upon all deaf children, believing that such action is contrary to the spirit of free and democratic institutions and that it would be detrimental to the welfare of a considerable number of deaf children who could not profit by that method alone.

THE SIGN LANGUAGE: Resolved, That we affirm from our own experience, that the sign language of the deaf, is an indispensable factor in their mental and moral development, and in their social happiness and welfare. We protest against any movement to do away with it; and we urge upon the deaf people of the country the importance of taking pains to preserve the force and clearness of the sign-language, to the end that it may not deteriorate.



A. H. McDonald, photographer, and J. Yeamans of Canada with an Indian Chief at Colorado Springs.



N. A. D. Delegates Sightseeing in Denver, Colorado.

## FUNNY STORY RESTORES VOICE

Trenton, N. J.—Laughter provoked by a funny story has resulted in restoration of the voice of Charles Kateza of Allentown, who had been speechless for two years. About four years ago Kateza lost his sight and hearing temporarily in an accident in an iron foundry. These faculties were restored by medical treatment, but when he recovered he was without power of speech.

He was undergoing treatment in Mercer Hospital here. A fellow patient told him a funny story and Kateza indulged in unusually hearty and prolonged laughter. During the night he dreamed of the yarn, and the nurse found him repeating the story in his sleep. Since then Kateza's speech has been normal, and the hospital physicians believe it to be permanently restored.

Our Newark letter will appear in the January number which will be out about December 20.—Pub. Worker.

## UNITY CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

In a letter to the Publisher, Miss Wilson says: "I am glad to be able to tell you that the "Unity Correspondence Club" is about to start on its career around this poor old strife stricken earth. It hung fire most discouragingly for over a year after the outbreak of war and I let it go into the background for the time being, because I have other and more important business to attend to: then things got more settled and crystalized, and the required number of members dropped in one by one at long intervals, until I have eight members and promise of more. I give you their names as I owe some of them to your kind offices in circulating my requests in the pages of the Silent Worker:

1. Myself, .....Australia.
2. Miss Willey Mitchell, .....California.
3. Mr. E. L. Schetnan, .....South Dakota.
4. Mr. J. H. McFarlane, .....Alabama.
5. Mr. C. McIntosh, .....Scotland.
6. Mr. J. Hepworth, .....Wales.
7. Miss K. Hallett, .....England.
8. Senor Ramon de Zubiceurre, .....Spain.

MISS OVEREND WILSON.

Brisbane, Victoria, Australia.

## PHILADELPHIA'S POLICE CHIEF LAUDS TRAPSHOOTING

Aside from the recreative aspect of trapshooting, the game has practical value because of the self-discipline a man undergoes in mastering the many phases of the art of shooting the elusive little targets.

The shooter who would attain a high degree of proficiency in trapshooting must keep in physical trim equal to that of the successful competitor in any other sports. I know of no other game where steady nerves and quick judgment are so necessary. On the other hand, no game is so well adapted to the development of steel nerves and accurate snap judgment.

Being primarily an outdoor sport, trapshooting shares with golf, etc., healthful activity in the open.

In a measure, trapshooting is of a military nature. The training in handling and care of firearms, which some half-million citizens of the United States are receiving in more or less regular practice at trapshooting clubs, would, no doubt, in case of war, be of inestimable value in defensive operations. Of course, this phase of the game is incidental, but it is one of the features that raise trapshooting above the plane of some other sports.

The men seen on the firing line at the traps are the red-blooded type, and true sportsmanship is always the rule whether skill is rewarded with a straight run or luck breaks bad for the shooter.

Our new gymnasium has a swimming pool, 22 feet by 77. It is considered the largest and finest one of a school of the deaf in the United States. Its capacity is 62,000 gallons. The officers and teachers are allowed the privilege of swimming on Monday evenings. Every Tuesday afternoon the small deaf girls go in and learn how to swim, and the large ones have their "innings" in the evening. The employees go in on Wednesday night. The blind girls take their turns every Wednesday afternoon, the blind boys every Friday and the deaf boys at the same hours. We have a good instructor in Mr. Hebbe from the University of California. When the children went in for the first time, it was found that fifteen deaf boys, two deaf girls, five blind boys and two blind girls were able to swim. Wilson Harum, the deaf Indian boy surprised everybody by his feats of swimming and diving—*California News*.

Let us be adventurers for another world. It is at least a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow-mortals; and if we succeed in our expectations, we are eternally happy.—Burnet.

# WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

BY ALEXANDER L. PACH

## DO IT NOW

*"If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,*

*If you like him, or you love him tell him now.*

*Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration,*

*And he lies with snowy lillies o'er his brow;*

*For no matter how you shout it he won't really care about it;*

*He won't know how many tear drops you have shed;*

*If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,*

*For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.*

*More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny*

*And the hearty, warm approval of a friend,*

*For it gives to life a savor and it makes you stronger, braver,*

*And it gives you heart and spirit to the end;*

*If he earns your praise—bestow it; if you like him let him know it;*

*Let the words of true encouragement be said;*

*Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,*

*For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead."*

**M**Y IDEA of a good Canadidate for the Bum Sports Club is the Gallaudet College correspondent, who attributed a defeat of his college team to a muddy field. As if it was any muddier for them than for their opponents!

Says Dr. John D. Wright in the *Volta Review*:

"The mercenary selfishness of one man started the education of the deaf in the United States in the wrong way. It has taken a hundred years to retrace less than half of the distance we traveled along the wrong road.

Mr. Gallaudet went to England for the purpose of learning how to teach deaf children by the pure speech method. It was a great disappointment to him when Braidwood refused to instruct him unless paid a larger sum than Mr. Gallaudet had at his disposal."

He says a good deal more but these opening paragraphs, the meanest slur I ever read, will suffice to show Dr. Wright's bigotry.

Never before has Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet's memory and brilliant life work been so ignominiously spoken of.

In the first place Dr. Gallaudet had a million times more right to the Doctor in his name than Dr. Wright has, yet Dr. Wright, evidently to belittle the great Gallaudet, refers to him as Mr. Gallaudet, all through.

The charge of "mercenary selfishness" is so despicable that I am at a loss to find words to adequately express my indignation. History refutes the lie and the story of the careers of the thousands of successful American deaf people crams it down Dr. Wright's throat.

Dr. Wright goes on to say that the method Dr. Gallaudet (he persists in calling the Doctor Mr. all the way through) is "now repudiated by all American schools." It is hard to have patience with a man who slurs the dead and lies so persistently as Dr. Wright does.

Dr. Wright further on says:

"Do not let us waste our time and strength in discussing whether it is better to teach deaf children by a combination of Silent and Speech Methods or by the Speech Method alone. It is very difficult indeed to find any advocate of the combined way who will not readily acknowledge that there are some pupils who can best be taught by the pure Speech Method. If there are any advocates of the Speech Method who will not acknowledge that there are some pupils who can be taught by the combined system, we can afford to ignore them for the present and go peacefully on our way to establish the Dual System."

There is some sense in this. We all know that some pupils can be taught speech and to read the lips, and there is hardly a school for the deaf in this country that is not using every means available with such pupils.

The "Dual System" was very much in force when I was a boy at Fanwood and there never has been a time when all who could be, were not taught everything that oralism has proven worthy.

Dr. Wright concludes:

"The thing is sure to come some time. Why waste precious years of the children's lives that can never be recovered? Why should the children now in school not benefit by the improvement which will help children by and by? Why be driven to do it instead of being an imitator and getting the credit of making a radical improvement? Do not be satisfied with having ancestors; be one! Be one to whom future generations will point with pride as the progressive innovator who took the lead in a much needed reform."

What is Dr. Wright himself but an imitator? The children now in the schools are getting the best that children ever had. But they are not going to be dwarfed mentally where it is a physical impossibility to teach speech, and their careers are not being ruined by blind devotees of fanaticism.

The deaf are being educated for careers of honor. They are being taught English—taught to speak it legibly and correctly, where that is possible as it is in a few small percentage of cases, and where it is not possible then the next best thing, correct written English is the accompaniment of the three "R's" in their advanced phase.

This education has made solid, respected and respectable citizens of thousands of the Deaf. It has enabled them to reach the heights in all the professions but medicine. Theology, the Law, Architecture, Chemistry and Engineering are not only open to the deaf but many have made names for themselves in these professions, and with but a single exception all are graduates of schools that honor Dr. Gallaudet, for they exist through his disinterested philanthropy. And the great army, happy and busy working on farms, in shops, studios, factories and wherever men and women labor with head and hand, are what they are because of having had the benefit of the exact science that educates the deaf by every known vehicle—writing, manual, spelling and all.

There came into the lime-light an occasional deaf person—a victim of pure oralism, who begins to learn life only as he begins to associate with other deaf people. Most orally educated victims sooner or later drift into the world of the normal deaf. By normal deaf I mean those people who, because of a good education; a good trade, both acquired at a good combined method school, and happy in their enjoyment of life, they laugh at their "affliction." They speak to their normal fellows by writing, and they make a good impression by writing in excellent English.

They might harrow other's feelings and arouse sympathy by using spoken speech, but they wisely prefer not to.

The "oral victim" looks on in amazement. He joins churches, clubs, lodges, and finds he is not an isolated expatriate—a pitiable object of woe. Frequently he learns to communicate with his fellow deaf fairly well and to understand.

Except in his own household he has been a nuisance to others and a bore to himself.

The other day a man passed me in the street who was walking on his hands—that is, using them to propel his body as his legs were gone. He managed to get along after a fashion, but I thought to myself how much better off he would be if he had artificial legs.

In the first place they would conceal his awful deprivation and he could take his place literally on the same plane as normal men, and be much more

of a success than the victim of pure oral fanaticism.

In all this oral bunk, there stands out clear the fact that even the best lip readers and talkers are most successful when they can also use the wonderful sign and spelling gift.

If oralism is so successful why this enforced segregation that Dr. Wright insists on in the article I am referring to.

Deafness isn't contagious! There is no harm in teaching a child to convey and absorb its thoughts by black-board and natural sign aids.

Where you find pure oral graduates who really can read the lips remarkably well, you also find, frequently, a stunted mental capacity directly due to the soul grinding and heart-bruising pure oral work.

An advertising sign to be seen in our street cars here has the heading:—"You can teach a parrot to say just as good, but he won't know what he is talking about," and this is true of teaching speech to little children who have never heard it and never can hear it, and cannot imitate spoken speech once in ten thousand times, and then only approximate.

Oh, the pitiable victims of oral wreckage that we adult deaf know so intimately and so well! The ruined, stunted, dwarfed, hopeless unfortunates, who having found, as all deaf people must find, that there is no real solace for them, socially in the world of the hearing, eventually drift to the social feasts of fellowship that the comradeship of their brothers and sisters in a common misfortune offer, and then they find themselves; then they are as the legless man would be if he acquired artificial limbs.

Speech is golden. Speech is one of the greatest things in the world. Speech ranks after sight and hearing, but it can be dispensed with by the individual far easier and with less deprivation to the individual than any of the other senses.

If I could, I would gladly exchange my ability to speak for the ability to hear.

Before I became deaf I was familiar with defective speech, stammerers; the tongue-tied and others, but I have been told that in all the world there is nothing so harrowing, so gruesome, so pitiable as the spoken things that come from the mouths of the deaf who have never heard.

Once I had an educated talented lady, who happened to be a musician as well, plead with me to do something to prevent a deaf man from talking to her. I argued with him that she understood his fingers better than his speech, but he wouldn't have it that way and finally drove her out of the room we were in.

He was a "check-book" product. A check-book product's "Papa" can afford a thousand dollars a year for oral uplift, and after a few years the check-book product ought to, but never does, sue for damages. Very often the check-book product gets away from it and just by associating with educated deaf people actually learns things of vital worth.

This doesn't happen as often as it should but, it happens often. I have seen boys fresh from Lexington Ave., and fresh from Mt. Airy's purest oral realms. I have seen them flounder around awhile and find they were not getting anywhere. Then they would dig deep into the manual alphabet's magical mysteries and they learned signs. They found by a simple little motion they could express a whole sentence, and, what is more to the point, understand and be understood, and there you are—that's the keynote—and the keystone—to understand and to be understood. All human hope; all human joy; all human desire is expressed in that—to understand, and to be understood. The high and the low; the great and the small, the king on his throne and laborer in the field all unite this common desire.

If we understand, and can make others understand, we are fit to "carry the message to Garcia," as the late lamented Hubbard expressed it, and we work-a-day people, more than the hearing, more



than any other class, must be equipped to carry the message. If we are failures, and deaf people least of all can afford to be failures, it is all up with us.

Let me take you, Mr. Father, and you, Mrs. Mother, of a little deaf child to two schools for the deaf. Let me explain what you get for what you pay at a check-book school and for the life-time of unhappiness, real misery, real isolation that is almost sure to follow, and with the positive assurance that the result will always mean a dependent, a miserable serf, who will always be a misanthrope, even though living in a place surrounded by lackeys and every luxury that wealth can bring.

Then let me take you to one of those great schools that fit your child to the means best fitted by educators of years experience, who do not care a picayune how much of a check you could write, and who are not fanatics wedded to a hobby that is really a menace. Then go with me to class-rooms and play grounds and see happy children who can think and can act for themselves, who leave school *finished* with a trade mastered and I know which school you will place the little one in.

I recall a greatly praised couple of strictly pure and unadulterated oral products who were heralded as the greatest ever in speech and lip reading. In the course of time they got married, and while the wife can read lips very well, the couple use the double hand alphabet when they really want to talk interestingly to each other.

The test is not in being able to decipher spoken speech on the lips of the speaker but in getting the satisfaction out of life that the deaf individual must get to prevent rust, and its concomitant a weakened mentality.

Most "pure orals" are ashamed to be seen using spelling and signs. They are ashamed, not of the signs, but of their deafness, and do not want it known. There is no necessity to advertise one's physical shortcomings, and by the same token there is no reason why deaf people may not be conversed with anywhere in public. It need not be carried on in whirlwind style, since two deaf people can talk on the street or in a crowded car and few will notice it. If there be "rubberers" who stare, feed them the same prescription—that is, by looking intently at their feet, that will soon stop them.

Rev. Michael R. McCarthy has gone to his last reward. This news carried with it aching hearts to his parishoners and deep and sincere mourning to all who enjoyed his friendship. Few outside his his congregation enjoyed his regard and his confidence more than the writer. A lovable personality is gone from us. Sincere, earnest, whole-hearted, broad-minded, was this good priest, who, because of his own deafness, knew us better than most, sympathized more earnestly, co-operated more fully and helped his fellow deaf as it has been given few clerical workers to broaden and better the lives of deaf men and deaf women.

None of the four hundred deaf people who were gathered in the chapel of the Colorado School for the Deaf, when he delivered the message from the head of his great church, will ever forget the occasion, and with most the memory of the earnest priest delivering the greeting and blessing as the rain fell in litreal torrents, with the accompanying blinding flashes of lighting, will linger as long as life does. To all the solemnity of the occasion must have made a life-long impression, the place, right under Pike's Peak, the man; the message; the audience all combined to make it more than memorable. His monument can truly bear the legend:

"He loved his fellow men, and was loved by them."

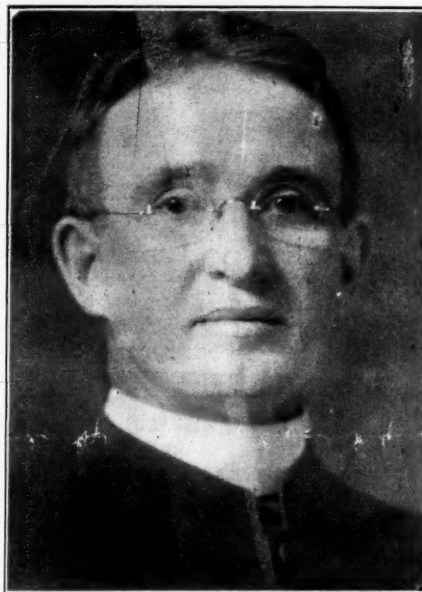
Just as I thought, that San Francisco reporter drew on his own imagination when he quoted Prof. Caldwell's version of the means deaf people found to use the music of a band or orchestra to enable them to keep time to dance.

In refuting the reporter's statement, Prof. Caldwell adds in the *California News*:

"Now Mr. Pach is deaf and therefore able to speak

positively and from personal experience as to how bass drums affect at least one individual who cannot hear, but we have a very distinct recollection of having been told by other deaf persons that loud detonations cause themselves to be felt in their chests, or rather in the lower part of their throats. The old Indiana Institution was located not a great distance from the United States Arsenal, and the pop of the sunset gun at the latter place was distinctly audible at the school. The writer has often seen the deaf pupils there place their hands suddenly at their throats when this "boom" came. At the same time it was certainly not the intention to give this reporter the impression that the dancing in a ball-room could be guided by vibration alone, if all the dancers were totally deaf. But, at any rate, we think it will be conceded by Mr. Pach that some persons, even though stone deaf, are aware when a gun is fired near them. Now how do they know it? There is no perceptible vibration through the ground to their feet. They must get it through the air, and from what we have been often told we have acquired the conviction that they get it in the neck! In any event here is a most promising field for the school papers to work, no matter which side one takes."

Since it is put up to me, I can only say that it is all a matter of accoustics, relatively. Take a big room, like the boys' study room at Prof. Currier's



REV. FATHER MCCARTHY

school, for instance, and a totally deaf person will feel, through the feet, the vibration given forth. Right after I lost my hearing I attended this school and the signals given by means of a snare drum for eating, to commence the march out, etc., felt to me exactly as if I heard the report of a gun, and the "feel" was just as intense as a gun's report was loud. In a theatre, a deaf person who recalls music is always in a seventh Heaven of delight, if he can sit in the front row, right next to the orchestra and on the same side as the brass instruments and the drums.

On the other side, where the stringed instruments are the satisfaction is greatly lessened though once in a while the bass viol can give one interesting "shocks."

In some theatres the ability to "feel" is noticed as far as eight or ten rows back, but this is about the limit.

I have been on the deck of a battleship at a review in the Hudson River when the salutes were literal music to me and I do not think those who heard the discharge of the guns, heard them any more distinctly than I felt them, though had I been 100 yards away on another vessel I would not have been aware that a gun had been fired unless I saw the accompanying smoke.

A deaf runner in a start at a running race can feel the discharge of the starter's pistol but a deaf person 20 yards away would not know a pistol had been fired from any sense of "feel."

The sense of "feel" is unusually keen if one is on the alert. A deaf man might know that he had dropped a key or a coin in the dark through it.

Children playing in a room by slight movement of chairs, table, etc., can annoy a deaf person engaged in reading or writing just as much as they can annoy or distract a hearing person in the same manner, and noisy people on the floor above in an old time apartment house can get a deaf man's "dander up" no less than the hearing one's.

The sense of feel is all a matter of vibration. On the street one can tell that a passing band is playing by this means, where there is no perceptible vibration if one is on the second floor of a house watching the procession.

As to dance music, where totally deaf people are concerned, there is absolutely, nothing to it, excepting possibly if one's attention is centred strictly on it, the drums might be felt, and no drum ever furnished dance music. The deaf learn to dance and to keep step perfectly *without music*. Music simply helps hearing people to keep time and step and to inspire. I suppose some hearing people can dance as well without music's inspiration, but they rarely ever try. Deaf people learn to dance, and dance well, through a harmony that is noiseless and self-inspired, just as they learn to do many other things. It is a case of adaption to circumstances.

For instance, I need two hands to lace my shoes, and do not make an over-good job of it. Now my deaf friend, Wm. King, of Easton, Penna., has only had one arm since childhood, yet he can lace his shoe with his one arm neater and quicker than I lace mine with two.

And that's the secret of the whole matter of every deprivation man is subject to.

If a man loses an eye he gets one of glass to replace it and does all his seeing with the one good eye. Merely on the ground of appearance he adds the useless glass optic, which does him no good.

And to a man who has been deaf over a third of a century, who has mingled with them and did his little all to make the deprivation the merest triviality by the adaption process, this matter of chemical pure oralism seems very, very much like the useless glass eye, which is only a matter of appearance. Deaf children who grow up without ever having heard a sound will never utter spoken speech that has a tithe of value.

Deaf people who can make it possible to read the lips can acquire it by their own effort, absolutely unaided, and deaf people who cannot never will by any process.

One child in a family may learn to play the violin, and play it exquisitely, and among a dozen brothers and sisters not one will be able to play so much as the tune the old cow died on, so what poppycock it is to dwarf, stunt, cheat and rob a deaf child by miseducating with the abortive, harmful and often vicious pure oral method.

We all want speech taught to children where conditions favor it, as in adventitious deafness; and we all want a reasonable amount of lip reading drill where the pupil shows ability to understand, but the golden means to the golden end is an education that can be acquired through our best sense—SIGHT, SPELL, WRITE, SIGN—those are the three *mediac*. Over a hundred years experience and over a hundred thousand educated deaf people attest to the "proof of the pudding."

ALEX. L. PACH

Willis Denson, a deaf young man, who was seen here last Fall riding on a motorcycle, completed a trip of 11,000 miles on that machine without an accident, last May. It was on July 15, last year, that he started from Elmira for this coast. He went to Buffalo, Chicago and Seattle whence he took boat to San Francisco. Beginning at this city, he rode to the Mexican border, to Texas, across the Southern States, through Pennsylvania and New Jersey to New York.—*California News*.

Everything made by man may be destroyed by man; there are no ineffaceable characters except those engraved by nature; and nature makes neither princes nor rich men nor great lords.—*Rousseau*.

## President Howard's Address---San Francisco Convention

**M**R. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The Program Committee, the Local Committee and the dictates of precedent have conspired to make unusual demands upon the President in the matter of assigning to him active part in the proceedings of this convention. To relieve him of a portion of this burden, the report of the Executive Committee has been prepared and will be made by the Secretary, Mr. Roberts. This address will, therefore, make no reference to the official acts of the Executive Committee. The Treasurer's report will show the substantial growth of the Association since the last convention, as well as account for the stewardship of the funds. The several active committees will each report through its chairman, and you will be able to judge for yourselves of the results attained. Several things that would come under the head of "recommendations," in the President's address, have been given separate assignments on the program and will be treated at length. However, many of the things that receive the attention of the President are distinctive to his office and of some of these he will try and give you an outline.

One of the most important and interesting of recent developments in connection with the education of the deaf was the stand taken by Dr. Henry B. Young of Iowa, in a paper read before The American Academy of Ophthalmology and Oto-Laryngology at its meeting in Boston last fall. Dr. Young is a member of the Council of the Academy and is recognized as one of the leading Ophthalmologists in America. He has had exceptional opportunity to observe the speech and lip-reading of the deaf, and is convinced that the practical results attained do not warrant the extraordinary expenditures of time and money required. He believes that much greater benefit would accrue, both to the deaf and to the hearing child, if the hearing child were taught to use the sign language while in school. It would be interesting to comment further, but as Dr. Young is to present the subject in person, discussion can be deferred until then. Dr. Young has met with the same unfair and intolerant opposition from the oralists that most of those who do not agree with them have experienced.

Your President was extended a special invitation to address the American Instructors of the Deaf in Convention at Staunton, Virginia. His address on this occasion has been given wide publicity and was generally well received by the deaf although it met with severe criticism on the part of some of those directly addressed. It was even suggested that it be omitted from the printed proceedings of the Convention. He now has no apologies for the stand he took nor has he any retractions to make. It may interest you to know that his statement that "There are not two schools for the deaf that are run on exactly the same lines," met with much objection and was branded as "unture" by one well known superintendent. Bear this in mind and refer to Page 182 of the March, 1915, issue of *The Annals* where Dr. Enoch Henry Currier of New York is quoted as follows: "At the present, the institutions for the deaf present as many varieties as they are in number. No two schools are alike \* \* \*." This statement is given as the "consensus of opinion" of the superintendents of the schools for the deaf.

A feature of the meeting at Staunton should be brought to your attention. There was a banquet of the editors and correspondents of papers published at the schools for the deaf. Two-thirds of those present were deaf and every person present, with the exception of one guest, was a past master in the use of the sign language. It would seem natural, and the dictates of common courtesy would require, that the sign language be used. However, with the possible exception of Dr. Argo, of Colorado; every hearing man who responded to a toast or took active part in the proceedings, insisted upon speaking orally. It was necessary for interpreters to convey their remarks to the deaf, who felt like strangers at their



JAY COOKE HOWARD  
President National Association of the Deaf

own banquet. It might not be out of place to suggest to some of those connected with schools for the deaf that courtesy, like honesty, is often the best policy. If courtesy is not congenital it may be acquired.

The fight against the iniquitous Nebraska Oral Law took your President to Omaha on two occasions and made heavy demands upon his time. The main features of this fight will be covered in a supplement to the report of the Executive Committee but one or two side lights may prove interesting. The defense of this law was in the hands of a Mr. Dafoe, the father of two deaf boys, their mother being dead. A bill for equal suffrage to women had just been defeated. Mr. Dafoe aroused much sympathy for his cause by declaring that, on her death-bed, the mother of his boys had requested that they be taught by the oral method. We have no fault to find with the wish of the mother, but it seems strange that the legislature of Nebraska should refuse suffrage to the live and able bodied women of the state, and permit one dead woman to dictate the destinies of all of the deaf children of the commonwealth, without regard to the wishes of their own living parents. In their defense of this law the oralists produced a pamphlet giving opinions in favor of the law by "Prominent Educators, Parents of Deaf Children and Graduates under the Oral Method." Among the deaf advocating this law were but two out of thousands of "our own people." The first, Dr. S. G. Davidson, a graduate of a manual school and of Gallaudet College, says the conventions of the National Association of the Deaf "are attended by a couple of hundred deaf people;" and that the Association is "engineered by a very small body of men prejudiced against the oral method." At the convention in St. Louis there were about 1,000 in attendance, although not all joined the Association. At Colorado Springs there were about 400 which was the smallest number in recent years. Cleveland saw over 800. At all of these conventions the delegates were as interested and taking as active a part as is now the case at this magnificent gathering. It would be interesting to see a very small body of men, whether prejudiced or otherwise, dictate to this convention. Dr. Davidson adds that he believes the "permanent membership is very small." Before the calling to order of this convention the permanent membership numbered approximately 1500, which goes to show

that Dr. Davidson could not be well informed on the subject he undertook to discuss and made no effort to ascertain the facts. He is like most of those who affect to be "resorted to society." He holds himself aloof and has not associated with the deaf outside the class room, for many years, and knows practically nothing of their recent development, their tenets and aims. In conclusion Dr. Davidson says: "I have been able to teach faster, to go further, to get better results in every way, with oral teaching." Some years ago, on the occasion of a visit to Mt. Airy, he undertook to demonstrate this claim of his. He told his class a short story, speaking orally, taking painful pains to be clear in his enunciation. When through, with a flourish, he ordered the class to write out the story and, Shades of Confucius, NOT A SINGLE ONE IN THE CLASS HAD ANY IDEA WHAT HE HAD BEEN TALKING ABOUT!

Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet is the champion of the Combined System. He founded Gallaudet College, the only college for the deaf in the world, where Dr. Davidson graduated. Dr. Davidson attacks his entire system of educating the deaf, a system that has raised the deaf of America far and away above the orally taught of Europe. At its Semi-Centennial, last summer, the college conferred on Mr. Davidson the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Mr. John Addison McIlvaine was Dr. Davidson's running mate. He also is a product of a manual school and of Gallaudet College, and is, as Dr. Davidson was at the time, a teacher at the Mt. Airy school. We have Mr. McIlvaine to thank for explaining some of the tricks of oral teachers while exhibiting their pupils. He informs us that they have unobstructive signs for "What," "Where," "Which," and the like. If we have the index word of a question it is much easier to guess the balance.

The investigation of the Minnesota School by the state legislature last winter was brought about by peculiar political conditions. While the deaf people of the state had no part in inaugurating the investigation, they were eventually drawn into it. We would pass over the matter without comment but for the fact that Dr. J. N. Tate the superintendent of the school, in an endeavor to make the deaf appear narrow and selfish in their views and discredit them gave out an interview to the associated press to the effect that the criticism of his administration was due to a nation wide opposition, among the educated deaf, to oral instruction. An editorial along these lines appeared in the *Virginia Guide*, from the pen of Mr. G. D. Euritt. Such misrepresentation must of necessity arise from either ignorance or deliberate untruth and both are equally unbecoming in "educators." Practically every large gathering of educated deaf for many years has made their position clear as to where they stand in regard to oral instruction. They favor it where practical results may be obtained; they would even favor its use to a limited extent where some speech would be gratifying to the immediate relatives of the deaf child, although not practical for general use, but they are unalterably and most determinedly opposed to sacrificing the EDUCATION and HAPPINESS of the deaf child that he may acquire an imperfect and useless speech, a speech that, through its harshness and peculiarity, sets him apart from his fellow beings much more emphatically than does the mere fact of his deafness.

The Day School Law in Minnesota is worthy of note. All day schools established in the state must be conducted under the Combined system and the age limit of pupils is placed at ten years. They must then go to the state school.

Two very good friends of the deaf have joined our crusade against the "oral fad." They are the Rev. Father James Donahoe and Mr. C. R. Barns, both of St. Paul. These gentlemen are outspoken in their belief that oralism has gone too far. Father Donahoe incorporated a long chapter on the deaf and



their education in a recent book of his that has had extensive circulation. Like every missionary to the deaf, of whatever denomination, whom we have had the pleasure to meet, Father Donahoe believes that the sign language is an imperative necessity for the moral well being of the deaf. Mr. Barns was for years the chief editorial writer of the Pioneer Press. He wields a facile and forceful pen. Of late years he has become quite deaf and has joined our Association and is, heart and soul, interested in our work. He has made an excellent suggestion that will be brought to your attention during this convention. He also has an assignment on the program.

In the matter of Federation, progress has been made; in California, we may almost say, perfection has been attained. Practically every member of the California Association is a member in good standing of the National Association, and practically every member of the Sphinx Club of San Francisco is a member of both the State and National Associations. The California deaf should hold their proud position and give the rest of the country time to follow their good example. Branches of the Association have been formed in a number of places and they facilitate the collection of dues and keep the members interested in the work. Further developments along this line are urged.

There is immediate and imperative need of an Association quarterly or monthly publication to be sent free to every member, to keep him in touch with the work of the organization. It should also serve as a vehicle of publicity when needed. The Secretary will offer some suggestions along this line.

The Association is growing rapidly, and there will have to be changes in our by-laws to meet changed conditions. We must have an Endowment Fund. A start toward this fund has been made, but its purpose is not generally understood. The object of this Fund is to provide an income to carry on the general activities of the Association. Your officers serve without compensation and defray their own expenses to and from conventions. The activities of the Association have grown to such dimensions and its membership has reached such a size that it will be necessary to have a paid secretary who can devote all of his time to the work. Mr. J. W. Howson is to offer a plan along this line and your careful consideration is bespoken for his suggestions.

Your President wishes to urge that, in order to overcome unfavorable situations that may arise in legislative bodies every one of you endeavor to become acquainted with and secure the friendship and regard of your public men. Take pains at every opportunity to "educate" them to the needs and requirements of the deaf. At the last meeting of the California Assembly a bill was introduced that would have placed a very great obstacle in the way of the deaf in securing employment. Our friends here at once attacked the measure and had it so amended that all reference to the deaf was omitted.

That there are cases of misrepresentation in connection with the education of the deaf, we all know, and have made general charges to that effect. Our protestations would be more effective if we were to expose instance of such misrepresentation. To this end we should all be diligent and unrelenting.

Criticism has been directed against the policy of this administration in dismissing inefficient committees. Inasmuch as these committees are appointed to do specified work, the President holds that, if they do not do the work assigned to them, he has a perfect right to dismiss them and appoint others in their stead. If this course does not meet with your approval, he will be pleased to have you so instruct him here in convention.

The next election of officers will be by mail vote, and each member will have an equal chance to be nominated for office, and to cast his vote for those who are placed in nomination. We would urge each member to consider well the record for efficiency of each candidate and cast his ballot for those who are "doers" not "talkers." When we meet in Hartford in 1917 to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first school for the deaf in

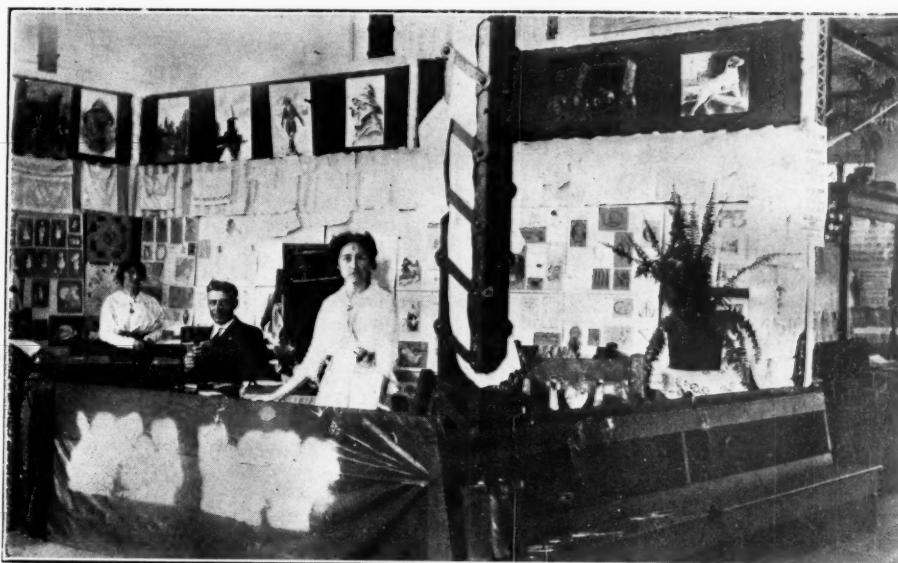


Exhibit of Minnesota School for the Deaf at Minnesota State Fair, 1915.

America our Association should have a membership of 3000, and it should be officered by energetic and efficient men and women. You have been shown that even the most peurile claims and blatant untruths may be foisted upon the "general public" if it is first attracted by novelty and then fed with the seemingly superhuman. For some reason deafness appears to many as a most awful calamity and the inability to speak is deplored. They would give the deaf child speech and lip reading, with or without education, while what the deaf child needs is EDUCATION, with or without speech and lip reading. To meet and combat these misguided philanthropists, these faddists, and those who play upon the natural desire of the parent to hear their deaf child lisp, even though it be but a word or two

"God give us men! A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands ;

\*\*\*\*\*

Men who, possess opinions and a will ;  
Men who have honor, men who will not lie ;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And damn his trecherous flatteries without  
winking !  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty and in private thinking."

## Types of Children of Deaf Parents



MURIEL ELLEN HUNT

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin S. Hunt, of Princeton, N. J. The little lady will be nine years old next May.

## MR. AND MRS. HUNT SURPRISED

It was a very agreeable surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Marvin S. Hunt, of Princeton, when they accepted an invitation extended by Mr. and Mrs. William Bennisson to spend the evening of November 6th with them at their cozy residence on Bert Ave., Trenton. When they were ushered into the parlor they found about thirty other guests assembled in merry conversation. They did not suspect anything until Mr. Porter bade them stand up telling them they had



been guilty—of being married eleven years. Then he went on in a humorous vein concluding by directing Mrs. Bennisson to deliver the package which represented the token of love and esteem in which they were held by all present. Mrs. Hunt then proceeded to loosen the strings and upon removing the cover a beautiful carving set was presented to view. The recipients then acknowledged the gift by making neat little speeches.

Ice cream and cake was then served and the evening was spent merrily until a late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt have a beautiful home not far from the great Princeton University. Mr. Hunt is a valued employee of the University Press. They have one child, Muriel, a bright and beautiful girl in her ninth year, a picture of whom may be found on this page under the heading of "Types of Children of Deaf Parents."

Rev. and Mrs. James H. Cloud, of St. Louis, Mo., announce the marriage of their daughter Mary Kendall to Mr. George Merrill Flint on the evening of Thursday, October 21. The marriage ceremony took place at eight o'clock in Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis, and a Reception followed immediately in the Guild Room of the Schuyler Memorial House.

Envy—the rottenness of the bones.—Proverbs 14: 30.

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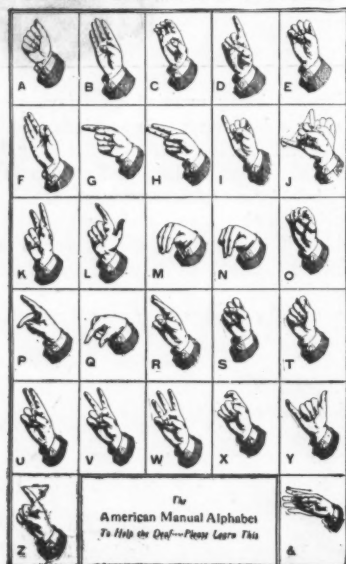
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### Bulletin No. 7

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Mr. William Muller.....	.50
*Pledges.....	
Total to date.....	\$44.10

Just as we are about to go to press a batch  
of contributions came in from Newark. There  
will be acknowledged in Bulletin No. 8.

Every deaf person living in the State of New Jersey should have a certain amount of pride in the affairs of the State. The Jenkins Memorial Fund is a State affair but those who live outside of New Jersey who wish to help perpetuate the memory of the late Weston Jenkins, are also invited to contribute.

Now, my New Jersey friends, I want you to prove that you are not lacking State pride by sending in your contribution.

Members of the Committee are especially requested to make personal solicitations.

All contributions will be acknowledged in the Bulletins that follow.

GEORGE S. PORTER,  
Custodian.

The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.—  
Milton.

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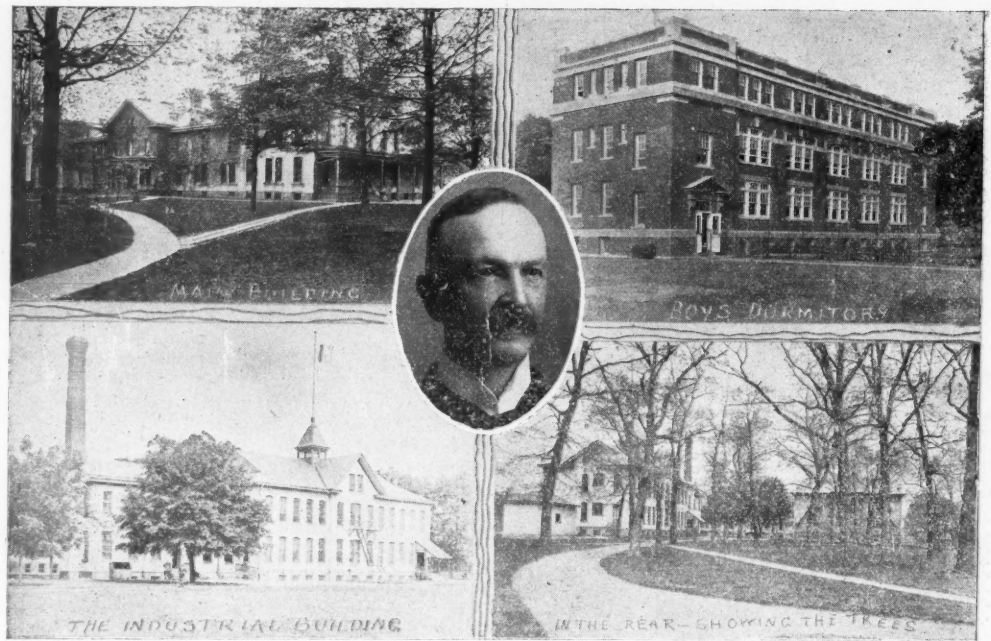
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